

Chronicles

April 1998

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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French

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asks if America
is "Defending
Civilization"

SAMUEL FRANCIS
sketches
"The Other Face
of Multiculturalism"



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THE FALL AND RISE OF THE AMERICAN RIGHT

A Dinner and Panel Discussion

Saturday, April 25, 1998



What has the Right done right? Where has the Right gone wrong?

Where do we go from here?

F E A T U R I N G

- * **CHILTON WILLIAMSON, Jr.**, *Chronicles'* senior editor for books, on the successes and failures of *National Review* conservatism
- * **HOWARD PHILLIPS**, chairman of the U.S. Taxpayers Party, on the rise and fall of the New Right
- * **THOMAS FLEMING**, editor of *Chronicles* and president of The Rockford Institute, on the future of the American Right

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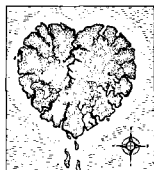
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Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On William F. Buckley

As America's foremost bugbear of neo-conservatives, it is difficult to understand why *Chronicles* assigned William F. Buckley's religious autobiography to Chilton Williamson, Jr. ("E'en Though It Be a Cross," January), a longtime associate of Buckley during his employment at *National Review*. The pretensions of Buckley's book, *Nearer, My God*, require the critical observation of someone like Joe Sobran, who has an intimate knowledge of the darker side of Buckley's character.

He might have wondered, *inter alia*, how a man who "is unable to convey a sense of his own personal struggle with Catholic Christianity" could convene a forum of converts in order to consider controversial moral teachings of his Church and then exclude abortion from the agenda as a doctrine about which no one is in dissent, despite the fact that he and Ernest van den Haag, a member of the forum, are public advocates of abortion. In an article boldly entitled "Temporizing on Abortion" (*National Review*, August 29, 1994), reflecting our lack of consensus and "acknowledging the hard realities of democratic politics," Buckley offers America a GOP platform on abortion. Under a Buckley regime, abortion would be universally available except for sex selection, population control, girls under 16, and the third trimester—but even then it would be available for the health (not life) of the mother (*Nearer, My God*?).

Buckley's Church defines this "abominable crime" as the direct killing of an unborn human being. Any Catholic procuring or formally cooperating in this unqualified evil commits mortal sin and excommunicates himself from the sacraments (see *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, paragraphs 2270-75).

Even if Buckley's restrictions were significant and enforceable, which experts on the abortion industry deny, there would still be at least a million pre-born humans consigned to their deaths each year. How a Catholic can reconcile this horror with the teachings of his Church and draw nearer to God as a result, I think we're entitled to know.

—Patrick Andretta
Mineola, NY

On Celtic Culture

Michael Hill's January article, "Celtic Justice," is an interesting historical piece for anyone studying pagan Celtic culture. But he seems to believe that some form of Celtic-Irish law and tradition still exists today. This is pure fantasy. There is no Celtic world left. There is no surviving system of Celtic justice. Such a world exists only in a Celtic encyclopedia.

The Irish language barely exists. It survives only on the west coast of Ireland, but even there, the young are reluctant to speak it or to sing it in song. U2 is preferred along with every other empty feature of the modern Americanized mass culture.

The Irish have become the most conformist people on the planet. The Irish ambassador to the United States recently changed his name to an English spelling so that he would not confuse the Americans.

Dr. Hill also apparently admires the IRA, which he seems to view as a continuation of the Celtic clan. He implies that the "Celtic idea of private justice" partly explains why the IRA refused to surrender their weapons at the start of a recent peace conference with Britain. But in reality, the IRA is a left-wing Marxist group which desires an even more secular transformation of Ireland.

Although written about the decline of traditional culture in the Highlands of Celtic Scotland in the 1930's (before the advent of television), Louis MacNeice's humorous poem *Bagpipe Music* seems to fit modern-day Ireland:

It's no go the Yogi-man, it's no go
Blavatsky,
All we want is a bank balance and
a bit of skirt in a taxi.
Annie MacDougall went to milk,
caught her foot in the heather,
Woke to hear a dance record
playing of Old Vienna.
It's no go your maidenheads,
it's no go your culture,
All we want is a Dunlop tyre and
the devil mend the puncture.

—Patrick Walsh
Dorchester, MA

Dr. Hill Replies:

Mr. Walsh's contention that "There is no Celtic world left" is true in the sense that the scourge of modernity has left its mark on all traditional cultures throughout the Western world. Certainly Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are no exceptions to this disturbing trend. However, the point of my article was not to argue for the existence of a pristine Celtic culture, untouched by U2, the Spice Girls, or Quentin Tarantino. Rather, it was to say that historically the Celtic peoples have developed and administered their own system of private justice in contradistinction to the ineffectual public sort that en-

courages everything from murder to bad manners to proliferate in our society. In the present century this tradition, for better or worse, has been carried on in the old Celtic world by the IRA.

More seriously, Mr. Walsh accuses me of admiring the IRA. While I certainly admire the exploits of, say, Tom Barry's West Cork Flying Column during the 1920-21 conflict, where some 300 poorly armed irregulars held at bay over 12,000 British troops, this in no way implies that I have any sympathy for the socialist politics and civilian terror tactics of the current organization.

After 200 years of selfish misrule by the unitary state, the West is in decline. If civilization is to be preserved in an in-

creasingly barbarous age, then private justice will play a salient role. Though today's Celts (in both the Old World and the New) no longer speak the language of their ancestors, many of them—especially in rural areas—do retain a certain tough way of looking at life that is out of step with the modern world. When our luxurious style of living inevitably gives way to the hard realities of life as our ancestors knew it, men such as these will be indispensable. And their creed may well be: "*Am fear nach gheidh na h-airm 'nam na sith, cha bhi iad aige 'n am a chogaidh*" ("He who keeps not his arms in time of peace, will have no arms in time of war").

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

HILLARY CLINTON has given new impetus to the paranoid style in American politics with her astounding claim that her peckerwood husband's latest sexual-political scandal was the work of "a vast right-wing conspiracy" constituting "part of an effort, very frankly, to undo the results of two elections." When President Nixon, at the height of the Watergate crisis, dismissed his accusers and critics as "left-wing kooks," politicians, commentators, and plain citizens around the country, derisively hooting, suggested that he needed to have his head examined and then went ahead and did the job themselves. Nixon, they concluded, was a paranoid schizophrenic, a psychological cripple displaying symptoms of a moral pathology resulting from the warping effects of Quakerism, provinciality, and monogamy, among other horrors. Herself one of the left-wing kooks then attempting to overthrow Nixon's presidency, Mrs. Clinton is probably not oblivious to the ironic nature of her absurdist claim. She must have gambled, rather, that comparisons are never drawn between left-wing conspiracy claims and right-wing ones. To no one's surprise—her own included—she won.

Apprised of the First Lady's remarks, Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr released a terse but dignified statement calling her claims "nonsense" and pointing out that "our current investigation began when we received credible evi-

dence of serious federal crimes. We promptly informed Attorney General Janet Reno, and she determined that the allegations merited further investigation." The Attorney General, attending a concert, was so immediately seized by the conspiratorial frenzy that she signed the papers during intermission, granting the Independent Counsel jurisdiction in the matter of Monica Lewinsky and her presidential relationship. Mrs. Clinton, of course, made no reference to the role played in the crisis by her husband's cabinet appointee, and in fact Janet Reno seems to have become a nonperson following the firestorm that broke on January 21. The evening news shows on ABC and CBS treated Mrs. Clinton's charges with respect, leaving it to NBC to observe that "demonizing the President's accusers helps rally Democrats and distract attention from fresh charges against the President. In Clinton's case the conspiracy strategy often worked, partly because there is indeed a core group of conservatives who consider this President unfit for office." That, of course, is what opposition politics is all about.

As with every crisis pertaining to this administration, the British press has been furlongs ahead of American journalism. Writing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Ambrose Evans-Pritchard derided the view, widely accepted by American media, of Kenneth Starr as a "Republican Rottweiler." The Independent

Counsel, Evans-Pritchard wrote, is more suitably described as "a tame and placid man with the zeal of a plump sheep. Indeed, Mr. Clinton should be thankful that his so-called nemesis is in reality a Washington insider who craves the approval of the mainstream press and hates to rock the boat." Evans-Pritchard calls Starr only "nominally a conservative," a partner in a law firm (Kirkland & Ellis) which has contributed generously to the Democratic Party, and a member of a "subculture of like-minded Washington lawyers" which trades back and forth across party lines, open-minded to the point of appointing liberals to his Independent Counsel's office. Where Hillary Clinton sees—more likely, professes to see—Starr's Chamber as the tool of right-wing conspirators, American conservatives should regard him as a timid and ineffective appointee who neutered his own Whitewater investigation by eschewing threats to break crucial witnesses by thrusting them into jail, as was commonly done by the Watergate prosecutors.

While it was one of the President's Men, Janet Reno, who set the prosecutorial ball rolling, Jerry Falwell, the well-known countercultural guru, stands among The Creep's most fervent defenders. Not even Linda Tripp, whom Hillary Clinton would probably like to see burned as a witch on Salem Square, has respectable rightist credentials, being a registered Independent in addition to a

classified jobholder, planner, and coordinator in various corners of the federal government—including the White House, where she worked in the West Wing's counsel office, the so-called Scandal Room. Evidence of conspiracy is more plausibly sought in Mrs. Clinton's role, and that of her legal team, in buying Webster Hubbell's silence, hiding his Rose Law Firm papers, persuading Ira Magaziner to misrepresent the composition of the health care task force, and sending former Senator David Pryor (D-AR) to ask Judge Susan Webber Wright to release Susan McDougal from prison.

The First Lady knows who her real enemy is, having to look no further—as Senator Lauch Faircloth suggested—than her own bedroom. Since that fateful January morning, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of American antiques have likely been destroyed, and the Lincoln Bed is probably reduced to kindling as Hillary continues in battle mode. The President, she assures us, has gone back to work for the American people, from which we may infer that he is being serviced by two or three extra human vacuum cleaners, in addition to those who attended him before the scandal.

Hillary Clinton is Lady Macbeth without a conscience. The truly amazing thing about her and her bestial husband, however, is even less their lack of conscience than their lack of shame. To rise each morning and go about their daily duties, meeting with their staffs, with the Cabinet, and with the press (let alone speaking with their daughter on the telephone); going on television before an audience of 60 or 100 million people: maintaining, that is, the pretense of truth and human decency in the knowledge that everyone with whom they have contact or communication *knows*—this is not, as Hillary's allies and admirers claim, superhuman behavior. Rather it is subhuman. If the Clintons were actual human beings instead of, as it now appears, members of some separate species, they would have resigned their co-presidency in the first days of the Lewinsky scandal, fled Washington, and hid them-

selves in the depths of the Mojave Desert or the loneliest parts of the Colorado Plateau. And they would not have taken so much as Hillary's compact mirror with them.

—Chilton Williamson, Jr.

THE FRENCH are among the least noticed and celebrated of the contributors to what has become the United States. But at one time New France covered a good part of North America. The two most interesting provinces on the continent, Quebec and Louisiana, are remnants of that empire. Huguenot refugees contributed talents to the British colonies far out of proportion to their numbers.

When the 13 colonies confirmed their independence at Yorktown, there were more French than American soldiers present and a French fleet on the coast. But soon a promising alliance ended when the French got up to mischief with guillotines and military emperors, giving our Northeastern elite the excuse to return to their natural Anglophilia. When, more than a century later, General Pershing landed in Europe and declared "Lafayette, we are here," it was a nice touch. But everybody knew we had come to save the Brits and not the Frogs.

Those of us, that is *Chronicles* readers, who are interested in tradition, regionalism, preserving authentic rooted cultures and know that "small is beautiful," can learn something from the French. Despite their highly centralized government and a streak of avant-gardism, the French remain the most tenaciously regionalist, traditionalist, and culturally conservative of Europeans, and many retain a strongly rooted Catholic faith.

The best way to learn this, other than a long sojourn, is from their film. The French are the best filmmakers in the world. (The Germans are the worst, their film reflecting the brutish nihilism of their language, philosophers, and history.) And for French film the best place to start is with the rich heritage of Provence. The popular book and television series "A Year in Provence" was full of insider references to previous triumphs of Provençal filmmaking dating back to the 1930's. The episode about the runaway baker's wife harked back to Marcel Pagnol's wonderful 1938 movie, *The Baker's Wife*.

Pagnol, a novelist as well as a screenwriter and director, created a Provençal

world that raises the movies to the level of literature. Though he died in 1974, his legacy is still working. Pagnol's stories were the basis for two marvelous pairs of recent films: *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring* (1987); and *My Father's Glory* and *My Mother's Castle* (1991).

Provence and neighboring Languedoc were the original home of the medieval troubadour and thus the source of the great Western invention—romantic love. Despite the mild Mediterranean climate, which is responsible for such fleshpots as Cannes, Nice, and Monaco, most of Provence is rugged and not well watered. In pastoral and agricultural times it provided what Arnold Toynbee would call an optimum challenge for those who had to live off the land. The need for human ingenuity and endurance and the moral conflicts that come with the struggle for survival made for prime literary territory, like Ireland or Mississippi. (This also has something to do with why Arles, in Provence, has attracted more great painters than any other spot on earth.)

Among the strengths of Pagnol's stories are a long time perspective—generations rather than a weekend; a sense of real people in real places. There is tragedy and evil but in a context that affirms family, community, decency, and a Christian civilization. Not much more can be asked of film.

Interestingly, Pagnol's first work was urban. The trilogy *Marius*, *Fanny*, and *Cesar* (1929-36), although based on Marseilles, has all the Christian virtues of his moral stories. The trilogy formed the basis for the American musical *Fanny*, an adaptation that had little to recommend it other than Leslie Caron's legs. Among other titles either written or directed by Pagnol are *Harvest* (1937), *The Well-Digger's Daughter* (1941), and *Letters from My Windmill* (1954). At this late stage of the millennium and Western culture, this body of art remains a solid consolation to those who care to see.

—Clyde Wilson

CARIBBEAN IMMIGRANTS in New York City are feeling the effects of several new immigration reform laws. Although New York's immigration problems are acute—as the rage seen in the Abner Louima torture scandal attests—reform had to come from the federal level, since Mayor Giuliani continues to

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welcome massive immigration as a boon to the local economy.

On January 14, Congress ended a pilot program established under a provision known as 245(I), which gave “undocumented” aliens the right to stay in the country legally while their applications for citizenship were under review, though it also imposed a \$1,000 fine. Over the opposition of Representative Dana Rohrabacher (R-CA), Congress had repeatedly extended the program, bowing to pressure from activists and pro-immigration politicians like New York State Senator John Sampson, whose Brooklyn constituency includes one of the largest concentrations of Caribbean immigrants anywhere. Launched in September 1994, the program (discussed in a series of articles by Michael D. Roberts in the New York-based *CaribNews*) drew record numbers of applications for citizenship—1.6 million in the fiscal year ending in September 1997. Unable to process so many applications by the middle of January, the INS bureaucracy left many immigrants with “deportable” status.

Compounding immigrants’ woes, the requirements are also stricter now for citizens who want to “sponsor” immigrants. The 1996 Illegal Immigration Act’s “affidavit of support” provision, which finally went into effect in December 1997, requires green card-holding sponsors of immigrants (their relatives, in most cases) to submit forms accompanied by two years’ tax returns proving that their own earnings are at least 25 percent over the official poverty line. While this is a potential problem for immigrants of any background, Irwin Claire of the Queens-based Caribbean Immigrant Services (CIS) told the *CaribNews* that “within the Caribbean-American community, 25 to 30 percent of the population could not meet the requirement.” Those who cannot meet it have the option of finding a co-signer who earns at least 40 percent of the required income.

The federal government, from October 25 to November 25, ran a green-card lottery, which offered an interesting example of post-1965 immigration priorities. Twenty-three thousand green cards were set aside for newcomers from Europe, 22,000 for those from Africa, 7,000 for those from Asia, and 2,400 for those from Central America, South America, and the Caribbean. The lottery seemed to imply that newcomers from Europe are (marginally) more desirable than

those from other places, and that there is not much need for those from Haiti or Trinidad (or Jamaica, which was excluded altogether). For Caribbean immigrants, “the chances are about 1 in 1 million. But a lot of immigrants . . . have no other choice,” Ernest Emmanuel, a candidate for the 45th Congressional District, told the *CaribNews*.

Actually, they do. Not only is there a large black market for green cards (immigrants have been warned about con men who claim to offer the needed documents on the cheap), but illegals who have a spouse with legal status have less to worry about—an American citizen filing on behalf of an illegal tends to have much better luck than an illegal on his own. In order to gain such leverage, record numbers of immigrants have been getting married—“officials at the city’s marriage license bureau have reported a 15 percent increase in weddings at City Hall in recent weeks,” according to the *CaribNews*. And an unknown number of immigrants have simply “gone underground” to avoid getting caught and deported.

Getting married is a shrewd strategy, and one that is actively promoted by certain advocacy groups. Irwin Claire told me that CIS not only encourages Caribbean immigrants to “fall in love,” but also urges them to hand over the paperwork to siblings who hold green cards and who can file on behalf of the illegals. Apart from helping immigrants gain legal status, Claire says, CIS also urges those Caribbeans with green cards to become naturalized, so that they can vote to turn the tide against Washington’s “draconian” new measures.

“The United States appears to be going through one of its periodic episodes of immigrant-bashing,” states an editorial in the *Weekly Gleaner*, a Caribbean newspaper. The editorial goes on to argue that things will quickly settle down again, and the demographic revolution that has been remaking America will proceed as before. Although 245(I) has finally come to an end, there are still too many loopholes in immigration policy for lasting and effective reform.

—Michael Washburn

KARLA FAYE TUCKER’S execution in February for a grisly double homicide turned into a circus, complete with roaring helicopters with searchlights, live broadcasts via satellite, throngs of death

penalty supporters and protesters, and scores of reporters (including disapproving “enlightened” Europeans). Why such a frenzy?

As detailed endlessly in the month before her death by such divergent entities as the 700 Club and CNN, Ms. Tucker was a “changed” woman, a born-again Christian who had been “rehabilitated,” and therefore deserving of clemency. She desired life without parole so that she could continue to spread the Gospel to other inmates and be a living example of the redemptive work of Christ. To her credit, she stated that she was not afraid to die. However, she was praying to be spared. She compared herself to Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane pleading with God that He take away the cup of death: if Jesus Himself could ask for clemency, she felt she could as well. All of the interviews with Ms. Tucker were the standard, super-sensational bombshells, achieving their intended purpose of leaving the public wondering, “How can this poor woman be put to death?”

The whole sad episode was summed up in this misguided woman’s Christian analogy. While I was not surprised that CNN’s nominally Jewish, actually agnostic Larry King did not refute it, where was the instruction from the 700 Club and Pat Robertson? Jesus Christ was without sin in the Garden when He asked His Father to do away with the inevitable, while Karla Faye was on death row for pick-axing to death an ex-lover and his new woman. While it is understandable that someone destined for execution would grasp at any straw to stay alive, and that her husband would want to keep her alive as well, the Pop Christianity of Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson et al., was unconscionable.

Jerry, Pat, and friends refused to remind Karla of St. Paul’s admonition in Romans 13, that Christians be subject to righteous law, as it is from God. (“Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil. . . . If thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for [the ruler] beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.”) Nor did they refer her to C.S. Lewis’ *Mere Christianity*, in which he states, “If one had committed a murder, the right Christian thing to do would be to give yourself up to the police and be hanged.” Lewis then describes the difference in the Greek and Hebrew between the words “kill” and “murder” and points out that Christ uses the word

“murder” when quoting the Sixth Commandment. This material difference has been lost not only on Hollywood—in such anti-death penalty films as *The Chamber*—but on Pop Christians as well.

Pick-ax murderers forfeit their right to live when they obliterate the lives of their victims. While this woman may have found Christ’s love and humbly submitted her soul to His will, as things stand now, there is no way Robertson, Falwell et al., cannot rush to the aid of every murderer who claims Christian conversion.

Since Karla Faye Tucker was in her infancy as a Christian, wiser counsel could have made her a sterling model of the true peace that one is given by Christ, a modern-day example of the 23rd Psalm. Instead, Pop Christianity has lined up with those dedicated to the eradication of true Christianity, villainized government officials for doing one of the few jobs for which people actually don’t mind paying taxes, and weakened the Faith they claim to profess.

—James P. Hunter

CLAYTON R. GAYLORD, chairman of The Ingersoll Foundation and the first chairman of The Rockford Institute, died on January 3. He had a remarkable career as industrialist, civic leader, and philanthropist.

In 1958, he became president of The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, the firm that has been owned and led by his family since his grandfather founded it in 1889. In the highly competitive machine tool industry, Ingersoll has been a pacesetter, its superior management, engineering, and inventiveness turning out products that match the best that German, Japanese, and American competitors can offer.

Concern for the well-being of the nation and the community has been a consistent feature of Ingersoll’s leadership. It was one of the first firms to set a policy of allocating five percent of its net profits to philanthropy. Dismayed by the ever-growing acceptance of the welfare state and the federal control of American industry, the Gaylords were early patrons of Leonard Read’s Foundation for Economic Education. Forty years ago, they arranged for FEE to conduct periodic three-day local seminars so that middle and top management could come to understand fully the workings and the re-

quirements of the free market economy.

In the early 1980’s, Clayton and his brothers concluded that economic education was an ineffective means of slowing the growth of the all-encompassing federal bureaucracy. It is, they realized, the opinion-making, value-forming systems of the culture that determine the attitudes, behavior, and political affinities of the people. The Rockford Institute was therefore asked to consider reshaping the program of The Ingersoll Foundation toward cultural objectives. Initially more than a little surprised by the Institute’s recommendation to invest a large part of the Foundation’s funds in creating major literary and scholarly prizes, the Gaylords soon came to perceive the importance and the potential impact of recognizing authors and scholars whose works reflect and reinforce the ideals of Western civilization.

Clayton involved himself in a broad range of activities. He was an avid hunter and for many years worked with organizations devoted to protecting the wetlands and improving the environment for waterfowl. He was active in local philanthropy and supported the National Right to Work Committee. He was also very influential in Republican politics and served as chairman of the area Goldwater for President committee.

Clayton Gaylord was an exemplar of the civic-minded, intelligent, generous, and dedicated leadership so greatly needed by every community, but seldom encountered today. In dealing with his fellow man, Clayton was kind, unassuming, and always ready with an encouraging word. The Rockford Institute was richly blessed in his service as director, benefactor, and faithful partisan.

—John A. Howard

EPICYCLES:

- **Judicial Stupidity:** Michael Dopor-to, who had been released from prison and had his conviction for first-degree felony child sodomy overturned last May, was back in court facing new charges on January 22, the very day a study was released criticizing the **Utah supreme court** decision that had initially set him free. “The decision is appalling,” said University of Utah law professor Paul Cassell to the *Salt Lake City Tribune*. “It was a wrong ruling that on a personal note has devastated a victim and her family.” According to the ruling,

Doporto’s conviction for raping his daughter’s 11-year-old girlfriend was unfair because prosecutors had introduced into evidence testimonies from other minors he had reportedly molested. As the judges argued, “The [previous] molestations involved different acts of abuse in various locations against girls of varying stages of physical maturity,” and therefore were too “dissimilar” to be entered into evidence. So if a thug who had previously only robbed 7-Elevens at midnight hits a flower store at high noon, there is, in the eyes of the law, no rap sheet that can be used against him. And what’s the nature of the latest charges leveled against Doporto? The sexual abuse of a young relative during sleepovers at his home.

- **When You Care Enough to Send the Very Tasteless:** Responding to focus groups and marketing research, **Hallmark** is venturing into new greeting-card territory: late this month, they will introduce the world’s first suicide sympathy card. Taking universal salvation to a new level, the message inside reads: “When someone we love flees from life, it is so hard to understand. . . . But our compassionate Creator sees clearly into what is beyond our understanding and has already welcomed your loved one home . . . with love.” The card will be part of Hallmark’s “Life Songs” series. Next up: a thank-you card pre-addressed to “Doctor” Jack Kevorkian.

- **Abraham, Martin, and Al:** Ten years after Tawana Brawley fabricated her story of a gang rape, **Al Sharpton** has been sued for defamation by one of the men that Brawley claimed assaulted her. Not surprisingly, Sharpton continues to stand by his story, even though he admits that Brawley never gave him details of the alleged attack and that he can’t produce any evidence that Brawley was telling the truth. But, according to Sharpton, the defamation suit itself is evidence of the truth of his (and Brawley’s) allegations. As Sharpton told the Associated Press, “I think Martin Luther King faced a defamation suit. In fact, many of my heroes did. . . . I think it confirms my growing status.”

- **It Takes a Village:** Despite a number of legal victories trimming back the federal court’s “remedy” in the **Rockford schools case**, the busing of children continues. Meanwhile, one of Rockford’s el-

ementary schools—Haskell School—has been placed on the Illinois state academic watch list. That was all that some Rockford educrats needed to revive one of their pet programs—year-round schooling. The principal of Haskell had tried to impose year-round schooling on a predominantly white, middle-class school in Rockford's pre-busing days and failed, due to overwhelming opposition by parents. So she took her entire staff and moved to Haskell, where the student population—post-busing—is predominantly lower-class whites and minorities, and resurrected the idea. Many parents who complained about the year-round plan were told by supporters that they didn't really care about their children. Not surprisingly, then, there was little public opposition to the plan when the school board considered it in February. The comments of one mother, who has four children at Haskell, summed up the sentiments of the crowd: "I can't get my children to read a book when they're off for the summer; all they want to do is to go outside and play. If we go to year-round schooling, then somebody else will force them to study, and I won't have to be the bad guy." For parents in Rockford—as for parents nationwide—"Think of the children" has become a trump card. But what they really mean, as Henny Youngman might put it, is "Take my children, please."

OBITER DICTA: Responding to readers' requests, **The Rockford Institute** is sponsoring its first summer school from July 27 to August 1 in Rockford. Featuring *Chronicles'* editors and writers, the school will be open to students of all ages. This year's topic, "Redefining the American Right: From Aristotle to Pat Buchanan," will focus on the roots of the American right and feature sessions on the classical tradition, medieval Christian thought, the Anglo-American constitutional tradition, the American counter-revolutionaries of the 19th century, and 20th-century Middle American rebels. In addition to composing a formal paper and attending a special session on writing by novelist Chilton Williamson, Jr., students will participate in ten to 12 lectures and both formal and informal discussion periods. Attendance will be limited. Look for further details in future issues of *Chronicles*.

The **National Grassroots Alliance** of Evanston, Illinois, is cosponsoring a rally

in Washington, D.C., April 23-25, to express popular frustration over Congress's unwillingness to pass immigration reform legislation. In addition to the rally on Capitol Hill, other activities include a congressional briefing, visits to congressmen, and a reception to honor congressmen who support immigration reform. For further information, please contact NGA at (847) 784-0911.

Wendell Berry has contributed three new poems to this issue. Mr. Berry, the winner of the 1994 T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing, is the author of 33 books of poetry, essays, and fiction, including *Entries*, *Another Turn of the Crank*, and *A World Lost*. A native of Henry County, Kentucky, he returned there in 1964 to farm and to write.

Our artist this month is **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois. Mr. Sterett works in a variety of media, including

snow, and has participated in snow-sculpting competitions throughout the United States, and in Sweden and Switzerland.

Michigan readers, take note: *Chronicles* can be found at McLean & Eakin Bookseller, 307 Lake Street, Petoskey; Paperbacks Unlimited, 22634 Woodward Avenue, Ferndale; Little Professor Book Center, 380 South Main Street, Plymouth; Borders, 5601 Mercury Drive, Dearborn; Borders, 30995 Orchard Lake Road, Farmington Hills; Borders, 31150 Southfield Road, Birmingham; Andrew Spicer, 515 East Liberty Street, Ann Arbor; Michigan News Agency, 308 West Michigan Avenue, Kalamazoo; Waldenbooks and More, Madison Place, Madison Heights; and Barnes & Noble Superstore, 6800 Orchard Lake Road, West Bloomfield.



Kenneth McDonald, *Keeping Canada Together* (Ramsay Business Systems). A lesson in federalism, limited government, and cultural continuity.

David Hackett Fischer, *Albion's Seed* (Oxford University Press). The now classic account of the British origins of America's regional characteristics.

Francis Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World* (University of Nebraska Press). A brilliant

Yankee eccentric wrote this masterful saga of the French in North America.

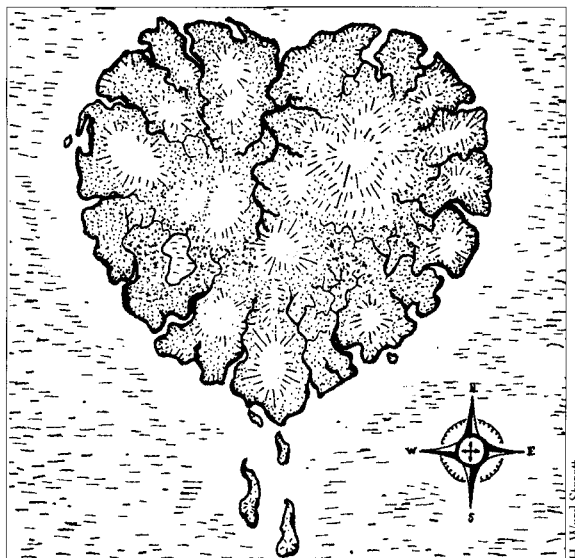
George Washington Cable, *Old Creole Days* (Pelican) and *The Grandissimes* (Penguin Classics). Bittersweet novels of Creole society in New Orleans.

Frances Parkinson Keyes, *Dinner at Antoine's* (Simon & Schuster). Best-selling mystery which takes place in New Orleans. Mrs. Keyes' (rhymes with eyes) house is now a museum in the French Quarter.

Chris Segura, *Marshland Trinity* (Win or Lose, Ink). Three award-winning novels (collected in one volume) of Cajun life constitute an informal social history.

Walker Percy, *The Moviegoer* (Random House). Percy's first and most perfect novel, set in New Orleans in the 1950's.

Jean Raspail, *The Camp of the Saints* (Social Contract Press). Ingersoll Prize-winning author's grim fantasy of Europe overrun by Third World immigrants.



The Heart's Geography

by Thomas Fleming

I took out the atlas the other day to figure out the routes of the voyagers retraced by Jean Raspail on his first trip to the United States. In the event, it proved impossible to plot a French expedition on a modern map of the United States. Maps are political abstractions. They encourage us to take a god's eye view of where we are and who we are, a view that distorts the ungeographical realities of everyday life. My Anglophile wife, for example, drinks tea grown in India and imported from England. Ungeographically, she is more at home in London than in Chicago. Irish refugees from the potato famine settled in the United States, not in England, because to the Irishman's mind, "The shores of England are farther off in his heart's geography than those of Massachusetts or New York."

On a map, New York City is part of the United States (an absurd proposition), which are closer to Guatemala than they are to England and France. But England and France are part of me, not only of me as an individual but of me as American, whereas Guatemala is connected to us only by way of Spain, which is something of a detour. The American fondness for maps encourages us to devise such abstractions as "Western Hemisphere" and "Pacific Rim," and we are dazzled by these inventions of our own imagination. The reality is that we are part of Europe, and in cutting the ties that bind us to our mother, we are not growing up; on the contrary, we are acting like the spoiled adolescents who run off to New York and Los Angeles expecting to find themselves and end up as prostitutes and drug addicts.

Even in the best of times, it is hard to maintain the traditions of civilized life. Good manners and careful speech, decent food and well-crafted art all require work and discipline. It is easier to say the first thing that comes into our heads, and most of us are suckers for MSG-enhanced sweet and sour pork or "music" that is aimed directly at the glands below the belt.

Civilization is even harder to keep up when a Golden Age is

past. "Been there, done that" is our reaction to Mozart or monogamy. For colonists, especially, there is the ever-pressing temptation to go native—wear comfortable clothes to church or none at all to the beach, dine on Chicken McNuggets or grandmother's liver, slash tires for recreation—or count down the last episodes of *Seinfeld*.

Aristoxenus, the greatest music-theorist of antiquity, was complaining about musical decadence already in the late fourth century B.C. He compared the plight of the conservative music-lover with the fate of the unhappy people of Paestum who had lost their Greek identity but once a year celebrated a Greek festival during which "they recalled their ancient words and customs and after weeping and lamenting to each other they returned home."

Greeks from Sybaris (proverbial for its wealth and luxury) settled the colony of Poseidonia (modern Paestum) south of Naples about 600 B.C., but the pressures of immigration and assimilation gradually eroded the "Greekness" of the inhabitants of this and other Greek colonies planted in Hesperia (the West). More than one historian has pointed out the parallels between the Greek cities of the ancient West (Sicily and Southern Italy) and the British colonies of North America. Both became richer and more powerful than their mother countries, and both took a somewhat vulgar delight in their success. By the early fifth century, the western parvenus were picking up Olympic victories right and left (a very costly hobby), and the tyrant of Syracuse was bold enough to insist upon the supreme command of Greek forces as the price of his participation in the Panhellenic struggle against the Persians.

But Syracuse also became notorious for political instability: the opportunists who arrived from all parts of the Mediterranean world proved incapable of maintaining a settled political order. Their democracy quickly degenerated into mob rule, and tyrants like Dionysius and his son gave despotism a

bad name. Timoleon (a contemporary of Aristoxenus, who was himself a South Italian Greek) tried to restore the greatness of Syracuse and the other Greek cities of Sicily by defending them from the child-murdering Carthaginians, suppressing the tyrants, and replacing the multiethnic mob with authentic Greek settlers, but the task was too much even for Timoleon, and Sicily gradually dehellenized.

The problem of the Sicilian Greeks was moral as well as multicultural. Plato had dreamed of drafting a constitution for Syracuse, but he gave up in disgust, saying that nothing could be done with people who thought of nothing but food and sex. Syracuse or Santa Barbara?

North Americans, like the ancient people of Paestum, have a hard time remembering who they are. Torn up physically from the roots of our civilization, we run from one extreme to the other: weary from telling anyone who will listen that he belongs to an exceptional race that has transcended the old Adam and the Old World, the American lurches into uncritical admiration of all things foreign and becomes W.S. Gilbert's idiot "who praises with enthusiastic tone, all centuries but this and every country but his own." The chauvinist Mark Twain and the expatriate Henry James were equally American in repudiating and embracing Europe, almost simultaneously.

The people of Paestum, however, did have one advantage: they knew what they had lost and lamented the change. We, on the other hand, are doing everything we can to change the nature of our culture and our people. Through the massive importation of aliens from the Third World, we are transforming our old European stock into an ethnic jumble that would astonish the Syracusans, who were mainly Greek and Italic, and through "diversity" requirements and so-called multiculturalism, we are systematically cutting all our links with the civilizations that have formed our character: Greeks and Romans, Old Testament Jews and Medieval Christians, the British and other European peoples who settled the continent. When Peter Brimelow asks why we should do this, he is called a bigot. Self-destruction, say the liberals, is a moral duty.

Those of us in the "Anglo" community—the people whom the Cajuns call *americains*—have no excuse. We still speak a kind of English, our political and legal institutions are modeled (at least in theory) on those of Great Britain, and phrases from Shakespeare and the King James Bible are still proverbial in everyday speech—though we know Shakespeare only from the films of Kenneth Branagh and Leonardo DiCaprio and hear *Good News for Modern Man* in our post-Christian churches. The fact remains that ours is still a predominantly British culture, for the time being.

It is harder for other European communities to hold onto their historical memories. I am thinking not so much of the various immigrant communities who send their kids to Greek school or establish Polish cultural centers and Italian newspapers. These groups are, for the most part, fragments of a diaspora that have failed to create an enduring regional culture.

French and Spanish communities have a different story to tell. In many cases, their ancestors arrived in North America before the ancestors of most Anglos, and the Québécois and the Acadians, in particular, formed linguistic and cultural strongholds, where they preserved some memory of who they are (or were) down to the present generation. The Québécois are, for the present at least, experiencing a patriotic upsurge. The Creoles and Cajuns of Louisiana, however, have had to

deal with the more powerful assimilative engines of American mass culture and the nationalizing project of the public schools.

Like most *americains*, I know very little of the Louisiana French, and that little comes from recordings of Cajun dance music and from the cuisine touted by Justin Wilson and the oversold (and overrated) Paul Prudhomme. On my way to give a lecture in central Louisiana, I took a detour of several days through New Orleans and parts of "Cajun Country," and while the trip provided more food for the belly than food for thought, I came away with a few impressions that both confirm and amplify Jean Raspail's observations on the barbarization of America.

Arriving in New Orleans, my wife and I checked into a small hotel on the edge of the *vieux carré*. They were filming a movie scene, and from the looks of the actresses we spotted the next day walking poodles in Jackson Square, our hotel was probably playing the part of a bordello—a fitting symbol for a city that is now best remembered for cathouse piano players and the animal acts on Bourbon Street. We had lunch a block away. The low prices attracted people from the neighborhood, and the tourists were lured by a lavish display of praline candies, hot sauces, and authentic Creole/Cajun cookbooks. From a marketing standpoint, it's all the same.

I thought that after everyone in America had eaten blackened redfish and listened to Beausoleil on Prairie Home Companion, they had some idea of the Cajuns, if only as a mythical race invented by a Yankee poet trying to sell a love story. I had also thought that anyone who had been to college knew that "Creole" meant something like a European (especially French) born in the New World, and not a French-speaking mulatto, but I underestimated the invincible ignorance of the *New York Times*. Last fall (November 23) one B. Drummond Ayres, Jr., described Creoles as "the often light-skinned Louisianans of mixed African and other blood" and as "generally blacks with some white blood," which would include half the state of Louisiana. This definition might surprise Creole General Pierre Beauregard, whose attack on Fort Sumter signaled the start of the War Between the States.

I did not run into anyone in Louisiana who did not actually know the difference between Creole and Cajun, but New Orleans is doing its best to shed the finery of its French heritage in exchange for the dime-store fashion of multiculturalism. The museum housed in the Cabildo on Jackson Square does pay tribute to the Acadians, exiled by the British from Nova Scotia,

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Marshland Trinity

by Chris Segura

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as well as to the French settlers who came straight to New Orleans, but the French story is lost in the welter of diversity. New Orleans, it seems, is just like Brooklyn or Berkeley, a multicultural paradise.

As I looked at the section devoted to the Civil War, I began to wonder if anyone from Louisiana could possibly be involved. Beast Butler, who issued the infamous order to treat intractable Southern women as streetwalkers, is credited with preventing an outbreak of yellow fever by scrubbing down the buildings. (If anything, the extra water would have only bred more mosquitoes.) “Spoons” Butler is also exonerated from the charge that he pilfered household goods. He was cleared by a federal investigation after the war—which only proves that Janet Reno’s refusal to investigate her boss is not without precedent.

The best way to defend Europe in America is to preserve the distinctive regional and ethnic cultures that Europeans created on this continent.

We ran into French tourists everywhere in New Orleans, but if they were looking for a city where they could feel at home, they must have been disappointed. The food is still wonderfully un-American, and some of the architecture in the Quarter preserves a French-colonial air, but the only foreign language I heard spoken by a waiter was Spanish. There was no French programming on the television, and the first French I heard on the radio was a Cajun station I picked up 20 or 30 miles out on the road to Morgan City.

It is the same everywhere. Traditional cultures, which cannot maintain their fragile edges in the jostling of big city crowds, maintain a marginal existence in Appalachian mountain valleys or along the bayous of southwestern Louisiana. If New Orleans, for all its bedraggled charm, is slowly turning into Anytown U.S.A., the traveler who makes the round of Acadian tourist sites knows he is someplace else. Virtually everyone speaks a kind of English, probably as a first language, but the cadences and gestures—sometimes even a look in the eyes—betray a lurking Frenchness, even if the surname is Spanish or Irish.

We spent a day in St. Martinville and dutifully took photographs of each other under the Evangeline Oak, where the prototype of Longfellow’s heroine is said to have landed. The bed-and-breakfast we stayed in had been a hotel in the early 19th century, and despite the array of souvenirs in the gift shop, the food was remarkably good. If people care about what they put in their mouths, they hardly qualify (at least in these days) as American—and this is especially true of most so-called gourmets.

The real reason to visit St. Martinville is for the Church of St.

Martin (and the adjacent Presbytère). The ivory and cream tones of the interior are, perhaps, more charming than reverent, but if the colors are French, the simplicity and decency reflect a rural piety that should not offend the most bigoted Puritan. There may be no more than a dozen churches in the United States that are the equal of St. Martin’s, which was constructed on a grander scale than a village of this size should warrant, but the parishioners hoped that by building a cathedral, they would lure a bishop. Some of them were the children of royalist refugees who gave St. Martinville the high tone that earned the nickname, “Petit Paris.”

Behind the cathedral on the Bayou is an information booth with the sign, “*Ici on parle français*,” and a similar announcement greets visitors to the B&B, but I did not put the claims to the test of my wooden French. The young lady who served us breakfast had a puzzling accent, more French than Cajun, but the mystery was solved when I learned that, although a local girl, she had lived in France for much of her life.

How interested the Acadians are in “the other French,” I do not know. Their own language is a pungent dialect, and some people have protested against teaching standard French to Cajuns, but a similar complaint might be made against teaching Shakespeare to Louisiana *americains*. French is an international language of European civilization, the language of one of the two greatest literatures since the fall of Rome.

Louisiana schools, Catholic as well as public, did their best to obliterate French in the years following World War II. In his wonderful Cajun novels (published recently as *Marshland Trinity*), Chris Segura tells tales of schoolchildren forbidden to speak French on the schoolgrounds. Segura’s second volume, *Les Perdues*, is ostensibly about lost cattle but it also tells the story of lost Cajuns. As a powerful appeal to historical memory, it was favorably reviewed in *Chronicles* some 15 years ago by a literary scholar (at work on a life of Andrew Lytle) who saw it as part of a Southern regional renaissance. It is that and perhaps more, as the third novel of the trilogy, *In a Kingdom of the Moon*, makes clear, in portraying the results of cultural homogenization: a Cajun couple living outside their home territory refuses to teach the children French, but despite all their efforts to be fully American, they cannot help feeling different, and the boys—who scarcely know any of their ancestral tongue—introduce more and more French into their private conversations.

The period is the Korean War, when the country was in the grips of an hysteria of “Americanism.” Anticommunists like poor Joe McCarthy are blamed these days for the leftist nationalism—or rather, national socialism—which American liberals had been drumming into us since the 1930’s, but the sterility of life in the 1950’s was due not to anticommunism but to the liberal quest for conformity in which all particularities of region and culture, race and religion had to be suppressed: Cajuns and Catholics, Southerners and right-wingers—even principled leftists—all represented threats to the ideological regime that a series of “liberal” Presidents—Roosevelt, Kennedy, Johnson, of course, but also Eisenhower and Nixon—were constructing on the ruins of the Old Republic.

In Segura’s tragic *dénouement*, the oldest brother is taken prisoner by the Red Chinese and brainwashed into denouncing the United States for its treatment of the Cajuns. The novel does not defend the boy’s action, and Segura is not joining the horde of minority-whiners who justify robbery and murder as forms of political protest. His tale does, however, expose the

hollowness of the artificial Americanism that first suppressed the authentic European cultures that had held on in this American Hesperia—French and German, Southern and Midwestern—and now is attempting to turn the United States into a Pacific Rim economy with a black and Mexican underclass, a nightmare Erewhon, in which we are free to take drugs, molest children, and kill ourselves whenever keeping our carcass alive becomes too costly—to do anything but good, to be anything but European Americans.

Jean Raspail sees us perhaps more clearly than we do ourselves. He is like his own creation, the retired professor in *Camp of the Saints*, who watches the savages as they land. Many decent Americans who read the book reacted with fear: “Disgusting—what if it happened to us?” But there is a far more frightening scenario to be played out, when de-Europeanized Americans lead their Third World comrades in an assault on the last bastions of our civilization.

South Africa. Bosnia. New Orleans. Then on to St. Petersburg, to London and Paris, and to Rome, where even now an Italian government is being forced by ordinary Italians to turn back the invasion of Albanian Muslims. The Italian press, it goes without saying, is playing out the script that M. Raspail has written, and the Lega Nord’s Umberto Bossi is among the few political leaders to speak the truth. Gianfranco Fini and the ex-fascists spend their time getting even with Bossi and winning points with the leftists who own Italy as their friends own the United States.

It is time to draw a line in the sand, dividing those who will defend Europe and America from their enemies: multiculturalists on the left flank and corporate multinationalists on the right. The multiculturalist flank attacks openly, replacing Shakespeare not with Cervantes but with courses on black Chicana lesbian writers. The multinationalists are more powerful and more subversive. Speaking the language of liberty and democracy, they dream of a global society populated by faceless worker-consumers who never learned the names of their grandparents. If Attila were at the gates of Paris, they would be selling their daughters to the Huns and haggling over the price.

In taking our stand as American Europeans, we must avoid the god’s eye view abstractions put forward by neoconservative defenders of a “Euro-American” civilization that has never existed. We are not generically European, any more than we are generically white. Generic Europeans do not write *villanelles*, drink beer, or eat pasta. They do these things as Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians. This neonationalist vision of a Euro-American Union has the harsh, mechanical smell of another artificial union manufactured in Brussels, not the honest stink of Hampshire, Normandy, or Calabria.

The best way to defend Europe in America is to preserve the distinctive regional and ethnic cultures that Europeans created on this continent. “Oh,” say the neonationalist neoconservatives, “that means dividing the nation.” Nonsense. So long as we have common enemies, we can never overlook the common foundations that underlie the cultures of St. Martinville, Louisiana, and Martinsville, Virginia.

Quite apart from the political task that confronts us—limiting immigration, taking back our schools and universities from the vandals with Ph.D.’s and Ed.D.’s who have destroyed them—we must never forget that our primary task is to exemplify the civilization we are trying to defend. Before they succumbed to barbarism, the people of Paestum constructed a set

of temples which even today make their town one of the most beautiful spots in Italy. It is up to us—Louisiana Cajuns, Vermont Yankees, Minnesota Squareheads—to preserve and repair the odd bits and pieces of civilization that our hometowns represent.

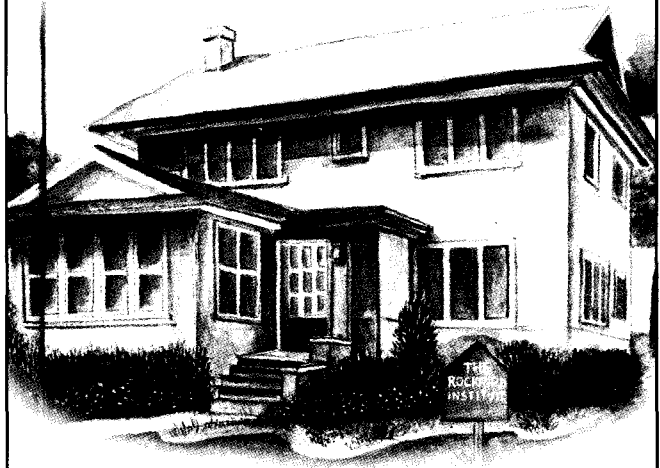
Once upon a time America was the land of Romantic Babbitts, who dreamed of making Zenith City more beautiful than anything their social superiors would see on the grand tour of the Continent. Depression, war, and over a half-century of Marxist bureaucracy destroyed that dream, and the current crop of anti-European race-baiters and self-hating whites are busily pithing our frontal lobes and implanting false historical memories to keep us stupid and servile. We have become a race of serfs and helots with no recollection of who we were and could be again.

Living well, so the saying goes, is the best revenge, and our most terrible vengeance against the system is to have children (our rulers hate life) and to teach them the love of liberty and a proper contempt for the alien political system that is robbing them of their birthright.

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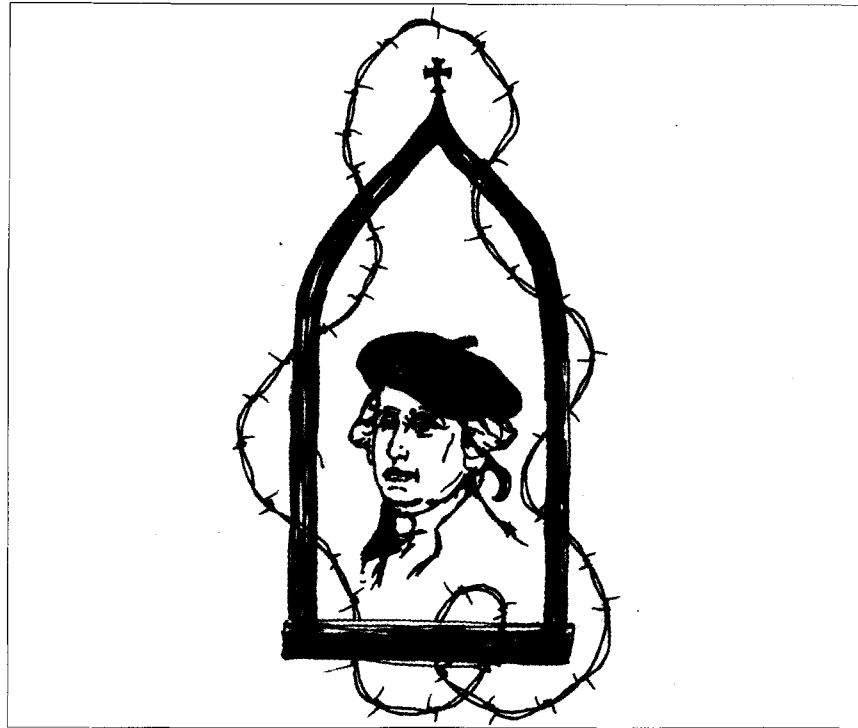
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27 JULY–1 AUGUST

Defending Civilization

by Jean Raspail



Allow me to begin with a personal recollection. I first came to know the city of Chicago and the region of the Great Lakes almost 50 years ago, in 1949, when I was 23 years old. Nothing then destined me for a literary career. I am a writer who developed late. Having regrettably neglected my university studies, I traveled. During the long war, we felt smothered in France. It was necessary to seek out fresh air elsewhere. I undertook with three friends of the same age to retrace by canoe and paddle the same route as that followed by Father Marquette, who setting out from Trois-Rivières, in French Canada, discovered the Mississippi in 1673. I called my team, the Marquette team. We traveled up the Saint Laurent, crossing the rapids of the Ottawa River and the French River, passing through Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Green Bay, Lake Winnebago, traveling down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans.

I will not go into detail about the welcome we received: it was fantastic. We were greeted by dozens of mayors, brass bands and majorettes, cheered by thousands of schoolchildren who had never heard French spoken in their lives, and interviewed by dozens of newspapers and radio stations. I have the

Jean Raspail — novelist, journalist, filmmaker, adventurer — was the 1997 recipient of The Ingersoll Foundation's T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing, for which this was his acceptance speech. The award ceremony was held at the Newberry Library in Chicago in November 1997.

great privilege of being an honorary citizen of 20 of the towns through which we passed. The keys to these towns still hang on a wall in my study. This rugged and historic journey, which lasted almost a year, was not without a spiritual side. It was the foundation of the unfailing friendship I feel for the United States. With, it must be said, ups and downs, I was, am, and will remain a friend of the United States. I want this to be firmly understood in case, during the course of my little speech, you might come to have doubts about my feelings toward your country.

Throughout this voyage, I had spread out on a rucksack in front of me, in my canoe, two maps of the route to be followed. The first was a modern-day map of America. The second was a facsimile of the map made in the 18th century by officers of the King of France. I set up our evening camps in French historical sites, such as Fort Bourbon and Fort de Chartres, though Belle-Fontaine had become Bloomsdale; Rivière-la-Saline, Flat River; Cabaret, Crystal City; etc. Happily, Prairie-du-Chien was still called Prairie-du-Chien; La Crosse, La Crosse; and St. Louis, the small French capital at the end of the 18th century, was still called St. Louis, the birthplace of T.S. Eliot whose memory, immense work, and poetry, which is almost liturgical in its praising of the transcendence of man, I would like here to honor.

I like to imagine that St. Louis, which was French until 1803, still had in 1888, when Eliot was born, a few palpable memories of its first inhabitants. I know that history moves

quickly in the United States, that it is sometimes built upon the trampling of the past, but the young man that I was in 1949 remembered deep in his heart that all of these Western lands—from New Orleans to the source of the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, where some of the Indian nations of Montana still bear French names—were once French.

If the emperor Napoleon, who did great harm to France and to Europe and who was in reality a man of the past who understood nothing of America, had not sold in April 1803 these fabulous territories to your second President, Thomas Jefferson, for \$15 million—quite a bargain for you, by the way—well, it would perhaps be in French that I would be speaking to you today, and it would perhaps be in French that you would be listening to me. English would have stayed in New England, and the world would not be at the mercy of a single hegemonic language which is losing its original beauty in the global melting pot. We can always dream . . . Given my major imperfections in English, a language which I admire so much that I avoid using it so as not to massacre it, you can believe me when I say that, if French had won out, this speech would be less tiresome for you.

Very few French writers—I speak especially of novelists—have received in recent years American literary honors. For my part, I know of none. There is at the moment an enormous gap between the number of American novels translated into French and the number of French novels translated and published in the United States.

There must be reasons for this. Perhaps today's French novels have simply become too bad, which is the case for many, it is true, but no more so than elsewhere. There are bad American novels, even bad ones written by your famous writers. Perhaps the very French world of novelists in my country is of no interest to the American reader, even though the French reader feels almost at home in the world of today's American novelists. We could dwell on that subject for a long time. Therefore, I was frankly astonished to learn that The Ingersoll Foundation's choice for the T.S. Eliot Award had fallen upon my humble self.

In the letter and documents that were sent to me by the Executive Secretary of The Ingersoll Prizes, Mr. Thomas Fleming, who I would here like to thank, I immediately noted that this award is for writers whose work "affirms the best values of our civilization." With all deference to my illustrious predecessors, I can indeed glimpse the reasons why I have had the honor of receiving this award. And it set me thinking, which can be a dangerous pastime for a novelist.

I am above all things a novelist, which means that I am not a philosopher, a sociologist, an historian, an eminent professor, or a dogmatic writer of newspaper editorials; I am not a professional thinker. I am not intelligent enough for that. I actually believe that a brilliant intellect is a handicap for a novelist: it either makes him go too far and create over-complicated systems and be too demonstrative, or it paralyzes him. Nothing would please me less than to be what we call in French "*une belle conscience*," one who gives lessons to others.

When I write a novel, I content myself with telling a story. If that story carries within it a certain conception of mankind and Western society, it is simply because that conception is part of my deepest nature. I do not have to think about it. I do not have to pluck at my heart strings. I simply write because I have to. I do not intend to convey a message. This is why I general-

ly refuse to comment on my books. I do not wish to add a single word to that which I have written. I have written them, and that is enough. Again, if my books carry what some consider to be teachings, I did not do this intentionally. I simply brought out feelings which I experienced naturally and for which I do not have to explain myself, especially if these feelings do not suit the lowest common denominator. One may sense a certain caution in my attitude. This has unfortunately become necessary in France. One may also sense a refusal on my part to enter into a dialogue which, by its very nature, is already distorted and in which words do not have the same meanings for all. Which gives you an idea of the difficulty I have in overcoming my natural reserve to speak to you this afternoon.

I believe that we—the United States, France, Europe, and a few other countries—are brothers, that we are part of the same family. I also believe that we cannot do without the United States in the defense and promotion of our shared values.

I prefer simply to give you an example. In 1973, I wrote a novel called *The Camp of the Saints*. This book was translated into several languages and was first published in the United States by Scribners in 1975 and afterward by other American publishers over the last 20 years. *The Camp of the Saints* tells in a symbolic way, as in a long parable, the peaceful invasion of the West by the Third World. The subject is simple and even oversimplified, I must admit. One morning a gigantic fleet of rusty old boats runs up onto the beaches of the Mediterranean in the south of France. Aboard, ready to disembark on the promised land, are millions of poverty-stricken, defenseless, and starving men, women, and children of different race and culture from ourselves. It is the immense force of numbers and need. Millions of other poor people are ready to follow them and surge into the beach as soon as it has been opened. What do we do? Do we let them come in and risk being submerged and having our own identity swept away by the somber multitude? This would be the response conforming to the Christian ideals of Western mankind, but at what price? Or should we push them back to the sea using all the means at the disposal of the rich, and if so, with what damage to our consciences and with what doom-laden consequences?

This is the theme of *The Camp of the Saints*. A symbolic one, I repeat: if that day should come, it would not really happen in that way but at the same time the demographic predictions for the next century are eloquent. At the end of the novel, France and the Western world renounce the use of force.

Could we, in reality, have done otherwise? Could I, as a novelist, have done otherwise? I drew no conclusions from this story. It was not my role. I had the idea for this book one day at my home in the south of France, one early morning when I was contemplating the sea. I said to myself: and what if *they* arrive? And I saw *them* arriving. And the whole book followed on from there. It is a story which I told to myself and not a theory on which I elaborated. Which is why I thereafter refused to explain myself. Any explanation was impossible.

Let me add that *The Camp of the Saints* has been continually reprinted in France because it was first published in 1973. However, if it had been published in 1997 for the first time, it would have fallen foul of France's new political correctness laws. The very word *invasion*, for example, when applied to situations of noncontrolled immigration, is now condemned in the French courts.

And perhaps that brings us back to the values of our civilization, "*the best values of our civilization*." It is the possessive adjective "our," emphasizing a shared possession, which immediately sprang to my attention. In the basic declaration of the purposes of The Ingersoll Foundation, its president, Mr. John Howard, whom I would also like to thank today, speaks of the ideals of Western civilization. We can therefore conclude from Mr. Howard's statement, and I naturally agree with him, that the United States and France are part of the same civilization, Western civilization, and defend the same values, the values of our civilization. Believe me when I tell you that I too see therein the only guarantee of a stable world.

Perhaps we should look into this a little more closely. If our countries have indeed affirmed, up until the recent past, the same values of civilization, of our civilization, I sometimes ask myself if the situation is not somewhat different today. Is it not rather new social values which are typically American, resulting from dynamism and unequaled power, from American wealth and certitudes, aided by a language which has become

the only universal language, and by an unchallenged domination of the new means of communication, which could become, for better or worse, the only representative of our Western civilization? In France and in Europe, believing that we are cultivating and defending the values of Western society, we could ask ourselves: Are we not in reality sustaining and defending values which are primarily American?

I do not at all want to be offensive in reminding you of the observation of Alexis de Tocqueville in 1840 on the possibility of American democratic totalitarianism. At the time Tocqueville was writing, the population of the United States was still small, barely reaching beyond the Mississippi, and his vision concerned only the Americans. Today, as the recent phenomenon of globalization spreads like a tidal wave, fed by irresistible American expansion, I wonder what he would write today. I am convinced that the United States did not intend it to be so, but this inevitable globalization, which first overtook the old divided world of Europe, is naturally modeled upon the most powerful and dynamic nation in the West, the United States. The game is one-sided.

I am French, and I can already see the effects of American-style globalization which, unchallenged, is so profoundly affecting my country. Unlike the Irish, Italians, Germans, English, Poles, Greeks, etc., we do not have in the United States a French community which emigrated here in the past or in recent times which can represent here the continuation of our old culture. Through the cinema, the television, the mimetism of the young, not forgetting *political correctness*, millions and millions of French are already steeped in a kind of banal morass of American popular culture. At the same time, with the exception of a small cultured elite, the majority of the population of the United States is no longer interested in France. It would seem that its ignorance about us and indifference to us has become total. This imbalance could be dangerous in the long term.

Happily, a remedy exists. All we need is to keep one important thing in mind. The United States, Europe, France, and a few other countries are by their very nature inseparable, as they are part of the same Western civilization. If it is still allowed to say so, without offending anyone, this Western civilization was made by the white race. It has even been called the white man's burden. This civilization was born out of the Greek and the Roman civilization, the Bible and the Gospels, Renaissance humanism, and most of the great scientific discoveries. The rights of man stem directly from Christianity in which Western civilization is steeped. Our spiritual, moral, family, and aesthetic values have their sources in the ideas developed during the course of our long, shared history.

Therefore it might not be imperative to seek out elsewhere additional ideas which could confuse the wonderful and fragile magic formula of our Western civilization. Promoting only that which is common to each individual, each race, each culture, and creating from the residue of this fusion a universal, obligatory, and simplistic system, does not represent the values of our civilization. I believe that we—the United States, France, Europe, and a few other countries—are brothers, that we are part of the same family. I also believe that we cannot do without the United States in the defense and promotion of our shared values. This is an enormous responsibility for your country. This responsibility obliges your country to pay more heed to the cultures of Europe. None of us can act alone.

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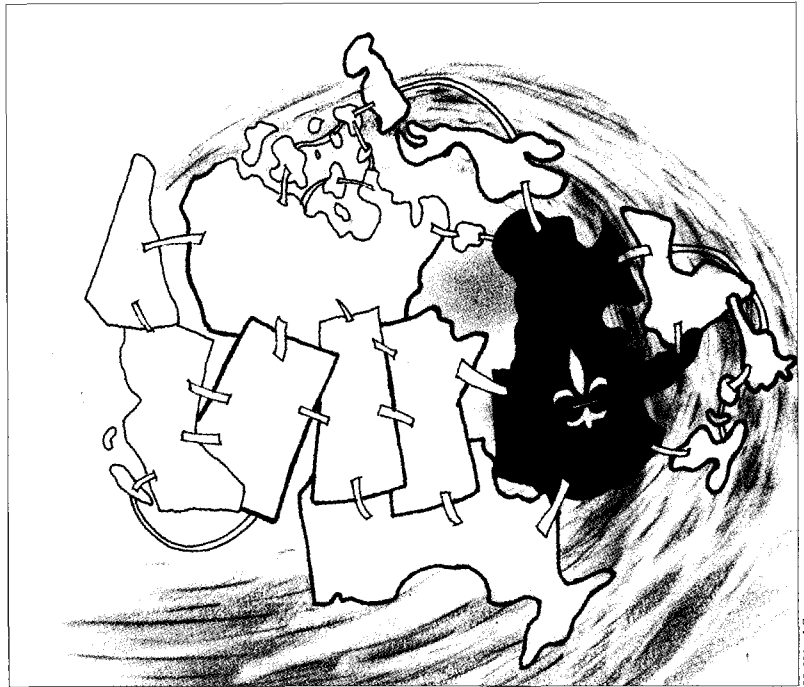
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The French Revolution in Canada

by Kenneth McDonald



In their British North America (BNA) Act of 1867, the Fathers of Canada's confederation produced a work of genius. The two senior levels of government were awarded separate and exclusive powers: Ottawa over national matters; provincial governments over property and civil rights and "generally all matters of a merely local or private nature in the province." This enabled Quebec to keep the French language, the civil code, and the French tradition of legislated rights and entitlements under a centralized authority. The English provinces kept their common law tradition of inherent freedom and responsibility under sovereign parliaments. Thus the matters which later became so prominent in *national* debate, namely language and culture, were constitutionally confined to the jurisdiction of the provinces.

Thirty years ago, when Quebec's Quiet Revolution stirred its sovereigntists into new life, Canada's political leaders fell into the trap of asking the wrong question, namely "What does Quebec want?" The question was unanswerable because Quebec's political leaders wanted—and still want—something the federal government had just taken away from Quebec and from all the provinces.

What Quebec's leaders wanted was the return of their constitutionally bestowed exclusive powers over property and civil rights. Prime Minister Lester Pearson was unable to give them that because he had just used the federal spending power to impose on all provinces a British-style national health scheme and was following it up with a variety of federally ordained social programs in outright defiance of the Constitution. He assumed

that Quebecers' chief concern was the threat to the French language in the surrounding English communities and that he could fix it by setting up a Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism. But then he made another mistake: the Commission was mandated "To recommend what steps should be taken to develop the Canadian Confederation on the basis of an equal partnership between the two founding races." At once this legitimized the myth that has dogged the Quebec issue ever since. "Two founding races" was a misreading of Lord Durham's celebrated phrase from his report of 1839 when he "found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." He was referring not to Canada but to Quebec.

Such a gift to the sovereigntists came easily from the hand of a Nobel Peace Prize winner, but Pearson's next step on the road to appeasement was fateful: he recruited Quebec's "Three Wise Men" to his cause: Jean Marchand, Gérard Pelletier, and Pierre Trudeau. That they were also men of the left, bent on changing the country to its foundations, was ignored by English Canadians who hailed Trudeau as the man to "put Quebec in its place." Too late they found that his solution was to open up the whole of Canada to French Canadians by imposing nationwide bilingualism, and changing Canada's system of government to the Quebec model.

Before long, resurgent nationalism was accompanied by violence. About 100 bombings in and around Montreal, some of them fatal, culminated in "the October Crisis" of 1970, when an amateurish organization called *le Front de Libération du Québec* (FLQ) took the British Trade Commissioner and a Quebec politician hostage. Pierre Trudeau, who had replaced Pearson as prime minister, declared the War Measures Act, moved the army in, and suspended civil liberties. More than

Kenneth McDonald, who writes from Toronto, is the author of Keeping Canada Together.

450 Quebec residents were arrested and imprisoned without charge. The next day the kidnapped Quebec politician was murdered by a “cell” of the FLQ. The murderers were later given passage to Cuba. Of the 450 Quebecers originally imprisoned, fewer than 20 were convicted, and most of those pleaded guilty to reduced charges.

The regional minority's preoccupation with its language and culture would be contained within Quebec's provincial borders, borders which would also contain the French traditions of law and centralized authority that the federal system admits at the provincial level.

The swift response by Pierre Trudeau contrasted with the appeasement of his predecessor and did much for Trudeau's reputation, and it is only now that the English Canadian majority—75 percent of Canada's population—is coming to realize the event's true significance. Trudeau's prompt action set a precedent that has been turned by MPs from Quebec into an article of faith: only they can handle the bare majority of francophones—at most 13 percent of Canada's population—who want a separate state of Quebec. English Canada's acceptance of this proposition together with Quebec's own talent for strategic voting in federal elections and a continued media focus upon “the Quebec problem” have propelled Quebecers into the prime minister's office for all but two of the past 30 years. The English Canadian majority has been denied political leadership of the country in which it represents three-quarters of the population. Moreover, its subjection to successive prime ministers from Quebec has condemned it to suffer an organic change to its system of government: its tradition of inherent freedom and responsibility under a sovereign parliament has been changed to the Quebec model of legislated rights and entitlements under a centralized authority—which antagonized Quebec again.

For this, Lester Pearson's appeasement is largely to blame. The reason for Trudeau's swift response to the FLQ was that it posed an immediate threat to the revolution that he and his coterie were effecting: that of installing French Canadians into positions of influence and changing the federal system of divided powers to one that matched the French tradition of centralized authority.

In his book *The Northern Magus*, Richard Gwyn quotes Jean-Luc Pepin, then a minister in a later Trudeau govern-

ment, that “We ourselves were a very small group, Trudeau, Pelletier, Marchand, Lalonde, Chrétien, myself, and a few people in the civil service, say, 50 all told . . . and we were bringing off a revolution . . . we were a well-organized group of revolutionaries, just like them [the FLQ], but working in a quite different way of course.”

Surrounded on the North American continent by an audiovisual print and electronic world of English, French Canadians' opportunities to learn English were boundless: bilingualism was the natural condition of Quebec's urban populations. In the provinces and territories of English Canada, however, French was rarely heard or spoken.

This salient fact supplied the spark for revolutionary change. Pearson's commission on bilingualism and biculturalism shifted language and culture from provincial jurisdiction to the national government. In Trudeau's second year as prime minister, he passed the Official Languages Act that made fluency in French the criterion for advancement not only in the national civil and armed services but also “in all the institutions of the Parliament and Government of Canada.” Since he was also creating new ministries and “a furtive expansion of central agencies,” the linguistic requirement paved the way for their eventual domination by French Canadians. It also intruded on the provincial preserves of English and French Canadians alike, and undermined the federal system. That it failed to appease the sovereigntists, while antagonizing the Canadian majority, all at huge cost to the Canadian polity, is a matter of record.

As a parliamentary statute, the Official Languages Act might have been amended or repealed by a later parliament. It was the threat of repeal that drove Pierre Trudeau to engineer his revolutionary change. Without having sought a mandate from Canadians in the 1980 general election, he incorporated the language laws in a virtually unamendable, but justifiable, Charter of Rights and Freedoms: the charter was the centerpiece of the “patriation” deception of 1981-82.

Canada has been a self-governing dominion since passage of the Statute of Westminster in 1931. The only reason why Canada still sent its constitutional amendments to Westminster—where they were automatically approved—was the failure of successive Canadian governments to reach agreement with the provinces on a formula for amending the constitution in Canada. This Canadian failure was twisted by Pierre Trudeau and his fellow strategists into a *colonial* relic which could only be resolved by “patriating” the BNA Act to Canada by means of a Canada Bill passed by the British Parliament. But entrenched in the Canada Bill was the Charter of Rights and Freedoms that incorporated Trudeau's treasured language rights; his Official Languages Act of 1969 would be forever preserved and protected from parliamentary repeal.

In debates on the Canada Bill, Britain's foremost constitutional authority, the Rt. Hon. J. Enoch Powell, made two significant comments. He said that as “an entrenched and justifiable document, a charter of liberties or a bill of rights is incompatible with parliamentary sovereignty.” He called the Trudeau stratagem “a tool to produce political results in Canada that could not have been produced without that form of deception.” Designated as the supreme law of Canada, the Charter of Rights and Freedoms also incorporated the redistributive mechanisms and state-ordained equalizations which characterized the statist tradition of Quebec. By a cleverly planned de-

ception of the Canadian public, the statist tradition of the regional minority anchored in Quebec had been imposed on the whole of Canada—and Quebec refused to sign it, because it invaded the province's exclusive powers.

Throughout this sad tale the emphasis has been on changing Canada to accommodate malcontents in Quebec. Canadians' politeness and generosity incline them to swallow the myths of Quebecers suffering at the hands of *les maudits anglais* and to accept the costs of appeasement. Nevertheless, to continue the appeasement is to fly in the face of history. From the Danegeld to Munich, appeasement's record is unchanged: compromise in the face of superior force leads only to surrender. Continuing with the imposed Quebec model heralds a continuance of the socioeconomic condition it has led Canadians into: minority rule by a centralized authority, and a litigious society in which opinion is shaped by state-subsidized factions.

There is an alternative. It rests in a realization that Quebec's statist model is not only out of date but that it does not work, and that imposing it upon the whole of Canada was a grave mistake. Salvation might then be seen in reinstating Canada's original mode of a true federal system of divided powers; powers exercised by parliaments which are sovereign within their respective jurisdictions. The national government would concern itself with the relatively few matters that are national in scope, and the provinces and municipalities would handle the rest. The regional minority's preoccupation with its language and culture would be contained within Quebec's provincial borders, borders which would also contain the French traditions of law and centralized authority that the federal system admits at the provincial level. Quebecers, like everyone else, would be

masters in their own house in all the affairs that are closest to their hearts and minds: the arts, civil rights, education, health, law and order, safe streets.

Until then, the dissidents will have to face a reality that appears to have escaped them: that their perennial threat of separation is predicated both upon Canadians' generosity and upon its surviving the test of a declared independence. At that point, the generosity would give way to a quite different emotion. The dissidents would no longer be regarded as fellow Canadians with foolish ideas about destroying the federation, but as the renegades who had actually destroyed it. That is why the majority needs to stiffen its collective spine and generate political leaders with a similar resolve. Clearly it will look in vain to Jean Chrétien or any other MP from Quebec. The Quebec model that Trudeau imposed on Canada is their model too, and they see nothing wrong with it.

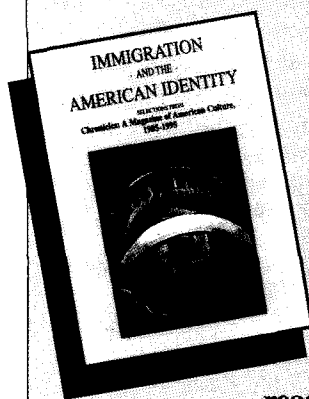
The essence of the problem is that Canadians have been lulled into looking upon the charter as an advance, when it is not only retrograde but divisive and destructive. "Going back" to the federalism of the BNA Act would not be retrograde but a recognition of the political genius that the Fathers of Confederation bequeathed to Canadians in 1867.

"The essence of federalism," wrote Felix Morley, "is reservation of control over local affairs to the localities themselves, the argument for which becomes stronger if the federation embraces a large area, with strong climatic or cultural differences among the various states therein." Quebec is as different from British Columbia as Newfoundland is from Ontario. Immigrants work their magic upon the various cultures, but guarding them all would be the federal structure that stood the test of a century, before a handful of proud men from Quebec thought they knew better. ◁

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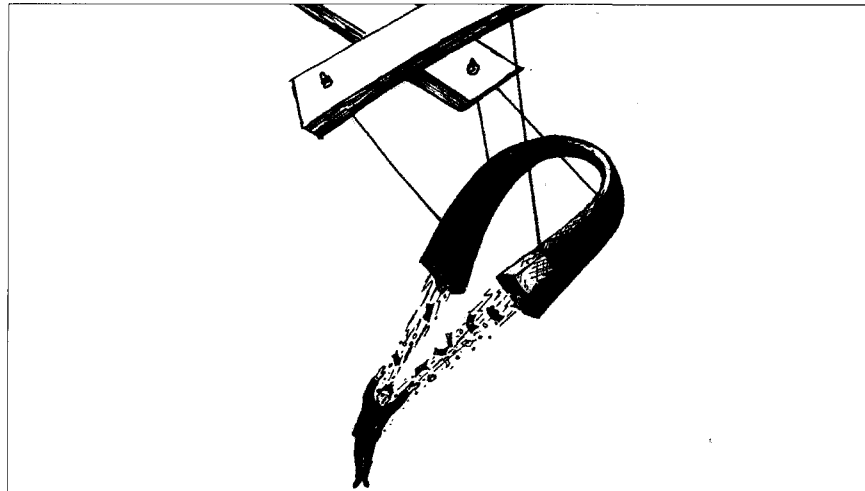
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The Multicultural Lie

The European Roots of American Life

by Scott P. Richert



H. Ward Sterett

Rockford, Illinois, the home of *The Rockford Institute and Chronicles*, was established in a series of migratory ripples: first Yankees, then Scots, then Swedes. A later wave of immigration brought many Italians, both from Sicily and Northern Italy. Today, German-Americans are the largest ethnic group in Rockford, as they are in the United States as a whole. Therefore it made perfect sense, when the Rockford public school district recently broke ground for a new “two-way language immersion” magnet school, to choose Spanish as the second language.

What is going on here? As readers of *Chronicles* know, the Rockford public school district has been the target of a prolonged desegregation suit which has destroyed neighborhood schools, led to the busing of thousands of children, and cost Rockford taxpayers over \$150 million so far, while minority test scores have plummeted and dropout rates have climbed. But our Spanish-speaking magnet school cannot be blamed on a money-grubbing Chicago lawyer and an arrogant federal magistrate. While the federal court ordered the construction of a new school, it did not specify a bilingual magnet. That decision was made by the professional educationists who “implement” Rockford’s “desegregation remedies”—and destroy a community in the process.

Ultimately, however, the source is the same. Today’s multicultural educational agenda flows from the federal government, by way of the Department of Education. With the willing cooperation of teachers’ unions and superintendents’ associations, the Department of Education continues to promulgate a radical program designed to remake American education to support the aims of the federal government.

It has happened before, although few today remember it. When I first moved to Rockford, I was pleasantly surprised by what I assumed to be a charming display of local patriotism. Traveling across town from west to east, one crosses streets named after the great cities of Europe and America: Chicago,

London, Paris, Rome . . . Rockford? While Rockford is the second-largest city in Illinois, it is hardly on a par—cultural or economic—with Chicago, let alone the great capitals of Europe. When I mentioned this to Tom Fleming, he laughed and informed me that Rockford Avenue was originally Berlin Avenue. Having grown up about 15 miles from Marne, Michigan, home to the Berlin Raceway and the annual Berlin Fair, I understood immediately: Berlin Avenue, like hundreds of little Berlins and Munichs across the United States, had succumbed to the anti-German hysteria of World War I and World War II. In Milwaukee, with an overwhelmingly German population, streets and civic buildings were renamed to hide their Germanic provenance, and domes were removed from German churches because they looked too much like spiked helmets.

During wartime, people and countries overreact, and some of the anti-German fervor is understandable—although much of it stemmed from a propaganda campaign by the federal government, designed to rally American support for intervention in European affairs. But the real story is what occurred between the wars, and not simply to German-Americans.

“The American melting pot” is a favorite myth both of immigration enthusiasts, who argue that anyone can become an American as long as he holds certain beliefs, and of immigration restrictionists, who argue that assimilation is a long, hard process and that today’s unprecedented levels of immigration impede assimilation. But for most non-British immigrants, assimilation never really occurred. Both the Northern Europeans who arrived in the first half of the 19th century and the Central and Southern Europeans who arrived in the second half (and into the 20th century) tended to settle with their own kind. My father’s family, German Lutherans from Alsace-Lorraine, settled in Southern Indiana in 1832, and over the next century educated their children in German at the parish school and perpetuated their German customs, traditions, and names. While they gradually learned English, they continued to worship in German at St. Peter’s Evangelical Lutheran Church (built on family land where most of my ancestors are buried).

Scott P. Richert is the assistant editor of *Chronicles*.

Mary Hitchens notes in our family history, *History and Recollections: Jacob Richert, 1814-1901*, that “the German services continued and confirmation services were also held in German until 1917, when they were discontinued due to the sentiment reflected by World War I.” While conforming to an Anglo-American political culture—indeed, while regarding themselves as “good Americans”—my family also clung to their separate identity as German-Americans.

But between the wars, the federal government’s tolerance of a general Euro-American diversity ended. There were many factors involved, but the most important was a demographic shift. While Anglo-Americans still held the reins of power, they were no longer the dominant ethnic group in America: German-Americans outnumbered Anglo-Americans. As John Lukacs wrote in *Outgrowing Democracy*:

In 1850, 2.5 million of the population were foreign-born, in 1910 over 14 million (a total that equaled the number of natives in twenty-two states of the Union). In 1850 English was the native language of 97 percent of citizens who were foreign-born (this includes, of course, the great mass of the Irish), in 1910 it was 58 percent and decreasing fast, since by then the overwhelming majority of immigrants were coming from southern and eastern Europe and Russia. . . . Their appearance and their expressions made them immediately recognizable, an alien element in the midst or on the edges of the American mass. Their visibility contributed to the increasing national sentiment in favor of immigration restriction.

Immigration restriction was a reasonable response to a culture that was being transformed—even if the transformation was simply from an Anglo-American culture to a more broadly European-American one. In 1921, Congress passed the Johnson Act, restricting immigration and establishing the “national origins” system, which discriminated in favor of European immigrants (the 1924 Johnson-Reed Act went further, discriminating in favor of Anglo and Northern European immigrants).

But more drastic, and ultimately destructive, measures were also adopted. Rather than allow an American national identity to arise slowly and naturally, the federal government embarked, in the 1920’s and 30’s, on a program designed to create an American nationalism through the destruction of lingering European national identities. Requiring a civics test of prospects for naturalization—which seems to have fallen by the wayside in the Clinton administration’s rush to naturalize Mexicans in time for the 1996 election—dates from this time, and the test, of course, was administered in English. Government agencies and “educational professionals” released citizenship manuals which encouraged the use of English, membership in civic organizations such as Rotary, and wholesome American sports like baseball. A typical example is *The Life and Work of the Citizen* (1935) by Howard C. Hill, head of the Department of Social Science at the University of Chicago High School. It is festooned throughout with fasces, symbolizing the attempt to mold the diverse European national identities into a common American identity, and to create a uniform citizen-worker. More ominously, the title page features four hands—symbolizing Law, Science, Order, and Trades—arranged in a swastika.

A chief instrument of the government’s nationalist program was the public school. The federal government—with the willing cooperation of the states—pushed for the expansion of the

public school system in areas such as Southern Indiana, even though the people were well served by their religious schools. Public school courses were taught in English, and civics was invariably given a high priority.

By the end of World War II, the federal government had largely succeeded in replacing the various European-American identities with a “universal” American nationalism, and new immigrants were forced to abandon their national identity and native language and sign on to the “American way of life.” Post-war American nationalism—built on democracy, capitalism, the Pledge of Allegiance, hot dogs, baseball, and Rotary—may have been sufficient to drive the Cold War, but it was insufficient to bind the nation or to act as a bulwark against alien cultures. People long for roots, for a sense of belonging. An abstract conception of democracy and capitalism can only displace, not replace, the songs and stories, faith and food, language and kinship that compose a true national culture. By alienating European-Americans from their national cultures in the interwar period, the federal government replaced an emerging American national identity with a false nationalism, and undermined our ability to withstand assault from Third World cultures. When Lyndon Johnson signed the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965, removing the national preference for European immigrants and opening the floodgates to Third World immigration, he signed the death warrant of postwar nationalism.

In the 1920’s and 30’s, the government attempted to consolidate its power by destroying European national identities, but since 1965 the federal government has used immigration—particularly Third World immigration—as a tool to increase its power. Once again, the public schools are a primary battleground. Here in Rockford, the building of Barbour Two-Way Language Immersion Magnet School proceeds, and the federal court has expressed its desire to see Spanish-language bilingual programs implemented in all of Rockford’s schools. But is this school educationally necessary, or is it simply an attempt at social engineering? According to the 1990 Census, the Rockford Metropolitan Statistical Area (MSA) has a population of 283,719—of which only 9,020 (3.18 percent) are of Hispanic origin (in contrast, there are 102,616 people of German ancestry, 51,023 of Irish, and 36,586 of Swedish). Of the 9,020 Hispanics, 2,698 are enrolled in elementary or high school, and of that group, only 432 speak English “not well” or “not at all.” (Since the Rockford MSA is considerably larger than the Rockford public school district, and includes two cities—Belvidere and Machesney Park—that have significant Hispanic populations, all of the Hispanic numbers are inflated.)

But Barbour School is not really meant for Hispanics who need additional instruction in English. As the school district’s web site notes:

Spanish and English speaking students will be together in the same classroom to promote social interaction and language learning through an interactive and cross-cultural setting. . . . Barbour Magnet gives students the ability to communicate with people that they would otherwise not have the chance to know [and] helps children to understand and appreciate people from other cultures.

Under the federal court’s desegregation order, no more than 55 percent of the students in any given school in Rockford can

be Hispanic or black, and as many as 75 percent can be white. But according to the web site, "Instruction at the kindergarten level will be mostly in Spanish (90% of the time). As a student progresses through the grade levels, the amount of instructional time in Spanish and English will equal 50/50." The purpose of the two-way language immersion program, therefore, is to force the Spanish language—and more importantly, Hispanic culture—on non-Spanish speaking white children.

Hispanic activists in Rockford don't hide their intentions. Andy Campos, a vocal advocate of the court order, argued that the Mexican national anthem should be played at the groundbreaking of Barbour School because "we once controlled this country." He got his wish. Campos, while briefly in the running for a school board seat, also claimed that all six of his children had dropped out of school because of discrimination. In a column in the local Gannett paper, another Hispanic activist, Richard Vargas, concerned that Rockford's desegregation suit might soon come to an end, urged fellow Hispanics: "Get busy! Apply for any and all programs you can. Get them in writing . . . get them written in stone. Do whatever is necessary to make sure they can't be retracted once the courts turn the schools back to the school board." He argued that he had been discriminated against in the Rockford public schools, not by being deprived of a good education, but by being placed in the top educational track. "My peer group immediately realized we were on the top of the I.Q. scale. We developed an elitist attitude, became intellectually arrogant. [We] actually felt superior and looked upon all the other students as inferior," Vargas wrote. At a *Chronicles* forum on multiculturalism, Vargas had also complained that he, "as a Native American," had been discriminated against because the public schools didn't instruct him in his "native language." Which Native American language might that be? Why, Spanish, of course.

But Rockford is not alone. While bilingual programs are failing all around the country, and poll after poll indicates that Hispanics don't want their children in bilingual programs, the educational establishment and the federal government push the multicultural agenda in an effort to re-educate whites. Multiculturalists' publications make their intentions plain. Routledge publishes a series of books on multicultural education under the title, "Transforming Teaching Series," while the State University of New York features books such as *Multicultural Education as Social Activism* in its "Social Context of Education" series, and *Beyond Black and White: New Faces and Voices in U.S. Schools* in its "Power, Social Identity, and Education" series. The titles of recent books reflect their revolutionary intent: *Infusion of African and African American Content in the School Curriculum*; *Education Reform and Social Change: Multicultural Voices, Struggles, and Visions*; *Schooling Young Children: A Feminist Pedagogy for Liberatory Learning*. The card catalog description for *Revolutionary Multiculturalisms: Pedagogies of Dissent for the New Millennium* describes author Peter McLaren as "one of North America's leading educational theorists," and goes on to say that "McLaren argues that the central project ahead in the struggle for social justice is not so much the politics of diversity as the global decentering and dismantling of whiteness." As in Rockford, multiculturalist efforts nationwide are focused on the youngest of the young: *Building Bridges with Multicultural Picture Books: For Children 3-5*; *Early Childhood Development: A Multicultural Perspective*; *Diversity in the Classroom: New Approaches to the Education of the Young* (part of the "Early Childhood Education Series").

The one-word title of a 1991 book by Maureen Cech sums up the multiculturalist project: *Globalchild*.

What can be done? To say that America stands at a crossroads, with one fork leading to Europe and one to a global Third World culture would be incorrect. America reached that crossroads in the early years of this century, and by choosing to extirpate European national identities among Americans, our rulers chose the fork leading to the Third World. If we desire to revitalize our educational system and to reaffirm America's status as a European country, we must, like the Prodigal Son, acknowledge our error (and our bankruptcy) and return home. The standard neoconservative "solutions" advanced by Allan Bloom and Bill Bennett—"Great Books," a national core curriculum, an emphasis on assimilating immigrants—won't work; these were, in fact, among the tools used to *subvert* the older educational system and to place us on our current path. Instead, we need to recover what elements we can of the former system that served America so well.

Central among those elements is the study of Latin. Latin is the language of European civilization, an indispensable aid for understanding European culture and learning other European languages (like Spanish and English). Early instruction in Latin and Latin literature can satisfy the natural curiosity of students for something "different," and refocus their attentions on their civilization, rather than on that of the Third World.

While English should be the language of instruction in public schools (and the government—both state and federal—should leave private schools alone), it is reasonable to expect that local schools will offer languages and cultural studies that reflect the heritage of those who attend them. If Rockford ever shakes off federal control and returns to a neighborhood school system, there is no reason why schools in ethnic neighborhoods shouldn't become centers of their particular European-American culture. With the schools leading the way, Rockford could see a revitalization of Swedish-, German-, and Italian-American culture that could help Rockfordians effectively resist both the multiculturalist agenda and the bland pseudo-culture of Hollywood, New York, and the "global economy."

Refocusing American education on our European roots would not be enough, however, to counter the propaganda of the past two generations. We need, first of all, to return to America's pre-1965 immigration policy, with its national origins system. Latin Americans are a special case, both because they account for the largest share of immigration and because we share a common history, as well as a border, with Mexico. Mexicans and other Latinos are faced with a choice: either they are our cultural cousins (by way of Spain) whose heritage is to be celebrated, or else they are irredentist Native Americans, determined to play the minority rights game. Hispanic political activism that takes its cue from foreign countries and attempts to undermine America's sovereignty and national identity is the equivalent of a declaration of war.

Multiculturalism is a fable, as is any American nationalism that tries to deny or eradicate the European and regional cultures that once made America strong. If America is to have a future as a nation, and not simply as a geographical region, then we must allow Anglo-American culture to bind Northern and Southern, Western and Central and Eastern European communities in the United States in a revitalized American civilization. It is time for the Prodigal Son to grow up, and to return home.

Three Poems by Wendell Berry

Political Correction

With respect to our sins, we hoped for a while
That our friends at least would be noncommittal.
Now we insist on a public trial
Rigged for acquittal.

A National Religion

Christianity without sacrifice,
Resurrection without crucifixion:
Believe!—and leave poor charity to the poor.

Heaven unending, exclusive, and nice,
Is open for immediate occupation—
Ye need not watch with Him one hour.

Burley Coulter's Song For Kate Helen Branch

The rugs were rolled back to the wall,
The band in place, the lamps all lit.
We talked and laughed a little bit
And then obeyed the caller's call—
Light-footed, happy, half entranced—
To balance, swing, and promenade.
Do you remember how we danced
And how the fiddler played?

About midnight we left the crowd
And wandered out to take a stroll.
We heard the treefrogs and the owl;
Nearby the creek was running loud.
The good dark held us as we chanced
The joy we two together made,
Remembering how we'd whirled and pranced
And how the fiddler played.

That night is many years ago
And gone, and still I see you clear,
Clear as the lamplight in your hair.
The old time comes around me now,
And I remember how you glanced
At me, and how we stepped and swayed.
I can't forget the way we danced,
The way the fiddler played.

Unjust War

by Gregory Pavlik

"War is the trade of kings."

—John Dryden

**The Costs of War:
America's Pyrrhic Victories**
edited by John V. Denson
New Brunswick: Transaction;
494 pp., \$49.95

◆

The single greatest force for consolidation of the national state is war. A truism, but one that American conservatives have been loath to admit. Ideologically committed to anticommunism, the conservative movement fell into lockstep with liberal troops in the Cold War, in the process absorbing liberal platitudes and integrating them into their own worldview. The old wisdom, expressed by the high Federalist Fisher Ames, that a "military government can make a nation great, but it can not make them free," fell by the wayside and, judging by the editorial stand taken in *National Review* and the *Weekly Standard*, has remained there.

The neoconservative dream of empire bears no resemblance to the principled opposition to war and militarism of older conservatives—whom William Appleman Williams labeled the only true non-interventionists of the 20th century. Whether the close relationship between conservative ideologues and the expansive military state will remain intact is an open question; state patronage and respectability in the eyes of a liberal/neo-conservative establishment may trump whatever limited commitment to principle exists on the right. On the other hand, as conservatism in America becomes increasingly divorced from place and circumstance, continuing its em-

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H. Ward Sterett

brace of each previous set of liberal reforms and ideological spasms, it continues to produced outraged voices of principled dissent. One likely result will be a rethinking of conservative support for American foreign policy.

To a certain extent, this process has already begun. In recent years, some effort has been made to restore the anti-war critique of previous generations of right-wingers to its place of centrality in American conservative thought. *The Costs of War* is a part of that project, and certainly the most comprehensive work of its kind. The anthology centers on a series of papers delivered at a conference of the same title hosted by the Ludwig von Mises Institute in 1994. The contributions cover a range of topics, which rather loosely include studies of American involvement in war, analyses of the long-term effects of an activist foreign policy, and specific theoretical papers examin-

ing the costs and causes of war. Yet the single element that holds sway is the sociopolitical transformation promoted by a belligerent foreign policy. In particular, the costs to republican institutions, decentralized government, individual rights, the national economy, and social norms are measured in terms of the changes effected upon them.

All of the chapters dealing with particular wars and the issues surrounding them are instructive. *The Costs of War* illustrates a number of important lessons, most notably the utility of war for business aggrandizement and the strengthening of state power over private domestic affairs as a consequence of war. A slightly different approach is taken by the late Murray Rothbard in his chapter, "America's Two Just Wars." Those two conflicts—the wars for American and Southern independence—were largely defensive and decentralist. The real importance of Rothbard's paper is the attention it pays to classical international law and to the primacy that classical international jurists placed on neutrality. The modern interventionist creates a largely mythical version of a conflict, drawing a stark contrast between the forces of Good and the forces of Evil. According to the interventionist logic, once the forces of Good have been identified, it is incumbent on all moral peoples everywhere to intervene on their behalf. Yet, as Rothbard notes, "classical international law . . . was virtually the opposite. In a theory which tried to limit war, neutrality was considered a positive virtue." This is, of course, in stark contrast to the interventionist condemnation of neutrality as somehow morally delinquent, if not odious. Not only was neutrality itself respected, but neutral states had rights, including the right to trade freely with any and all belligerents. Rothbard shows that modern international law, which does

not recognize the legitimacy of neutrality, is fundamentally incompatible with a foreign policy dedicated to peaceful interaction with all nations.

Rothbard demonstrates that today's interventionist moralism is a perversion of a natural law tradition that once operated in the interest of peace. In contrast to the "isolationist" insult flung at modern critics of American wars, the early classical liberal Richard Cobden, who advocated free trade, peace, and neutrality, earned the title "the international man." The new "internationalism" has gone hand-in-hand with the modern era's "advance to barbarism" (the phrase is F.J.P. Veale's, in reference to the complete abandonment of the civilized code of conduct in warfare in this century, a trend distinguishable by the targeting of civilians). The code of warfare, operating through the 19th century to a certain degree, was one of the high points of Western civilization, protecting the individual from the most obscene manifestations of interstate warfare.

The authors, however, hold no brief for pacifism. The chapters concerned with both the morality of war in general and in past conflicts make a clear case for the legitimacy of defensive wars, meaning wars to defend one's family and home against invasion and foreign domination. This is the basis of Thomas Fleming's learned contribution defending the attempt of the Confederate States of America to repel the invasion of their homeland.

But Fleming greatly broadens his case by appealing to the literature of ancient Greece. The Greeks were ambivalent about war, celebrating the warrior's heroism while decrying the attendant slaughter and destruction. Euripides's *Trojan Women* is a case in point, contrasting the defenders of a homeland with its imperial conquerors. Fleming quotes Hecuba's daughter, who said of the Greeks that they "came to the banks of Scamander, [and] died, not defending their frontiers. . . . Whom Ares killed, they did not see their children and were not laid out for burial by their wives." Not so the conquered Trojans, who "died, first of all, for their native land, the best thing that can be said of anyone, and their friends buried them in the bosom of their ancestral earth."

The book ends on a theoretical note with a detailed paper by Hans-Hermann Hoppe on the essentially warlike nature of modern democratic states. He ana-

lyzes the process by which civilized society comes into being; in particular, he considers the necessity of a steady decrease in the rate of time-preference (the willingness to suspend capital consumption in favor of savings and investment) in order to increase production and living standards across the population. This rate of preference, he argues, tends to decline in a free and stable society. Yet Hoppe notes that two forms of systematic violation of property rights may interfere with this tendency. These are criminal actions and governmental interference with private property: "the process of civilization is permanently derailed whenever property-rights violations take the form of government interference."

Professor Hoppe's analysis of the tendencies of democracies to engage in aggressive and murderous foreign policies is most telling. Democracies, unable to expand through peaceful means such as marriage, tend to expand their territory of control by violent means. Where wars were once clearly an exercise of the monarch, who had to raise funds to pay professional soldiers, now wars are conflicts of peoples. The results include conscription on a massive scale, violence against whole populations (including the military assault on civilians), massive compulsory taxation, hate propaganda campaigns, the hidden costs of inflation, and radical capital consumption on a scale unimaginable before the democratic age. In contrast to Wilsonian and Rooseveltian gibberish about peace-loving democracies, Professor Hoppe asserts that the first step to reducing political violence is the delegitimization of the democratic ideal.

Two central problems in the history of American foreign policy are neglected in *The Costs of War*. The first concerns expansionism as an ideological underpinning of classical republicanism among the Founders. Although they were, in fact, cautious with regard to entanglements in European wars, there was near universal agreement that continental expansion was desirable. While the Hamiltonians may have envisioned American imperial growth along the lines of the European powers, the Jeffersonians generally adopted the view that America's destiny lay in the conquest of the continent. With the exception of certain of the Tertium Quid republicans, the ideology of expansionism was

unchallenged in elite political discourse. The extent to which later (and more explicitly imperialistic) exercises were manifestations of the same spirit of expansionism is not considered in this collection. To the extent that continental expansionism is mentioned at all—for example in Justin Raimondo's otherwise superb chapter on the history of anti-interventionism—it is treated as a benign nonissue.

The other oversight—indeed, the only glaring hole in the volume—is the absence of detailed discussion of the unique costs of the Cold War. Perhaps more than any other factor in American history, the Cold War was responsible for the ascendancy of the contemporary liberal hegemony. Ironically, conservatives have more often than not been apologists for the Cold War. The price of that conflict has been economic control and regulation, military socialism, nationalism at the expense of states' rights and regionalism, lax immigration laws, and a general relaxation of controls on the central state. Outside the context of the Cold War and America's global engagements, the civil rights revolution and the immigration "reform" of the 60's would have been unthinkable, as would the permanent establishment of a military-industrial complex. Robert Higgs has pointed out that toward the end of the Cold War years, the United States' war apparatus was the third largest planned economy in the world, following only the Soviet Union and Communist China.

Right-wing opposition to war and militarism once included a critique of the Cold War. John Flynn, Harry Elmer Barnes, Garet Garrett, the old *Freeman*—all remained true to their noninterventionist principles, even as the conservative movement became increasingly entwined with the warfare state. Any contemporary reader of Barnes' "How 'Nineteen Eighty Four' Trends Threaten American Peace and Prosperity" will be jarred by the utter abhorrence with which many on the Old Right regarded the Cold War. Even more striking is the prescience and accuracy of their predictions.

These omissions notwithstanding, *The Costs of War* thoroughly and convincingly makes a case for a peaceful foreign policy, and no other book takes such a broad look at the terrible consequences of militarism and violence in foreign affairs. May it be a harbinger of changing times.

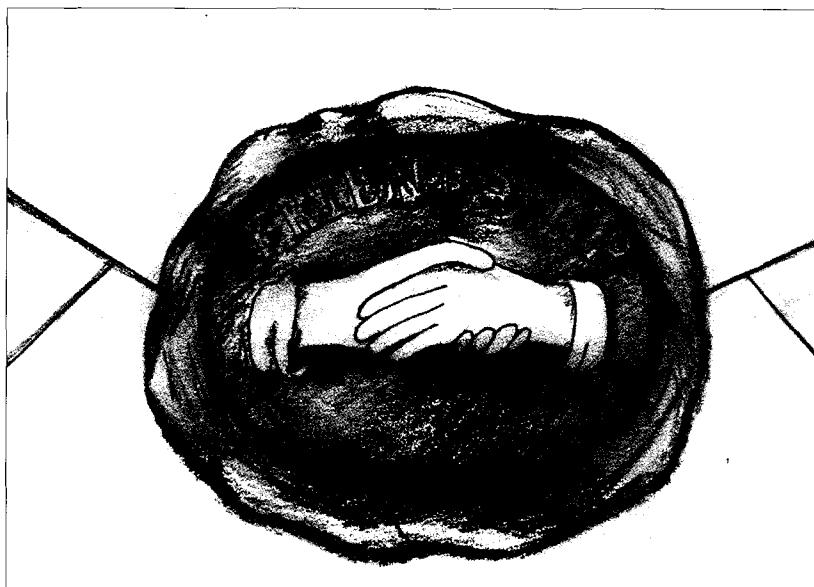
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The Last Gentlemen

by Loxley F. Nichols

"Friendship is like two clocks keeping time."

—Anonymous



H. Ward Strett

Walker Percy: A Life
by Patrick H. Samway, S.J.
New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux;
506 pages, \$35.00

**The Correspondence of
Shelby Foote & Walker Percy**
edited by Jay Tolson
New York: W. W. Norton;
310 pages, \$29.95



Walker Percy was born in Birmingham, Alabama, on May 7, 1916, the eldest son of a prosperous lawyer and a Georgia socialite. In addition to patrician lineage, Percy enjoyed a birthright of wealth and privilege. With these amenities, however, came a familial predisposition to depression and suicide. After their father's suicide in 1929 (and that of their paternal grandfather), Percy and his brothers moved with their moth-

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er to their Grandmother Phinizy's house in Athens, Georgia. The following year their bachelor cousin, William Alexander Percy, invited the displaced family to come to Greenville, Mississippi, where he felt the boys would receive greater cultural advantages. Delighted with the stimulating life at Uncle Will's house, where writers and intellectuals came to visit routinely, the boys prospered until the bizarre death of their mother who, with her youngest son Phin in the car, drove off a bridge and drowned. Although her death was never determined definitely to have been a suicide, Phin suffered for years recalling that his mother had not only refused to swim out of the car but tried to keep him from escaping as well. Although he seldom talked about his father and mother, Walker Percy's grief and perplexity at their deaths continued to haunt him throughout his life.

Never completely alone or without resources, however, 15-year-old Walker, 14-year-old LeRoy, and ten-year-old Phin were adopted by Will Percy: planter, lawyer, poet, and author of

Lanterns on the Levee. The Percy boys' devotion and gratitude to their uncle and his dramatic influence on their lives cannot be overstated. Even Shelby Foote, the young friend whom Will Percy recruited to help make his cousins feel welcome in Greenville, found himself similarly enthralled by the possibilities that life at Mr. Will's house offered.

When Walker showed aptitude in science, Will Percy encouraged him to study medicine. Thus, following graduation from Greenville High School, Percy spent four years at Chapel Hill and then entered Columbia Medical School, where he specialized in pathology. When not in class or studying, Percy went to the movies and read, pastimes he pursued in earnest throughout his life. He also underwent psychoanalysis, an experience of apparently negligible value despite the frequency of the sessions and the duration of the treatment. After graduation, Percy returned to New York to intern at Bellevue Hospital, but his training was interrupted when he contracted tuberculosis. Forced to withdraw and seek rest cure, Percy spent the next

two years in a TB sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York, where he had little to do but read and think. Putting aside his medical books, Percy turned to philosophy and literature; according to Shelby Foote (who visited him there), "Walker was holding on to those books for dear life." While his greatest influence from this time was Kierkegaard, Percy also read Heidegger, Marcel, Sartre, Camus, Mann, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky, among others. Kierkegaard's statement that Hegel "explained everything under the sun, except one small detail: what it means to be a man living in the world who must die" was crucial to Percy's emerging shift in thought, since it pinpointed the single shortcoming of science and medicine that made all the difference. After leaving "The San," Percy spent another four months in a Connecticut sanatorium before being released for good.

Dislodged from his old life and at loose ends with regard to a new one, Percy stopped briefly in Greenville before heading west in search of a good climate and the answers to questions over which he had long been brooding. At a dude ranch in Santa Fe, he settled on the paths he wanted to take. He decided to become a Catholic; to marry Bunt Townsend, a young woman he had known for several years; and to give up medicine in order to write.

Following a simple wedding in New Orleans on November 6, 1946, and almost a year's stay at Brinkwood (the Percy summer house near Sewanee, Tennessee), the couple returned to New Orleans where they began instruction in Catholicism. Reticent to explain his conversion, Percy usually replied, "What else is there?" In a more serious moment, however, he confided to an interviewer, "I took it as an intolerable state of affairs to have found myself in this life and in this age, which is a disaster by any calculation, without demanding a gift commensurate with the offense. So I demanded it." During this stay in New Orleans, Percy discovered the works of Charles Sanders Peirce, an American semiotician and philosopher. Peircean theory proved to be an abiding interest and formed the basis of much of Percy's own work in semiotics. It was also during this time that Percy began trying in earnest to write, though his resolve was undermined to some extent by his love for New Orleans, a city rich in distractions. In "New Orleans: Mon Amour,"

Percy says New Orleans is what you would get if "Marseilles had been plucked up off the Midi, monkeyed with by Robert Moses and Hugh Hefner, and set down off John O'Groats in Scotland." When life there proved "too seductive," he, his wife, and their newly adopted baby daughter, Mary Pratt, moved to Covington, a small town outside of New Orleans reputed (falsely) to be the "second healthiest place in the world" and a place Percy felt would be congenial to his health, his writing, and his religion. Seven years after Mary Pratt's adoption, the couple were surprised by the birth of a daughter whom they named Ann Boyd. When they discovered that Ann was deaf, the Percys devoted unlimited time and travel to seeking special teachers and programs for her. Although Percy had already begun his investigations into semiotics, Ann's deafness intensified his study.

Walker Percy was in some ways a man paradoxically divided between his desire to be part of a group and his need for privacy. He joined a college fraternity; he was a member of a church, lunch groups, and book clubs; he settled in a Catholic community; he was the father of a debutante; and though uncomfortable instructing, he sought teaching opportunities mostly for the company such gatherings provided. Yet while seeking congenial society in religious, social, and literary contexts, Percy remained somewhat distant and self-contained. Despite efforts to immerse himself in the outside world, his natural reserve combined with his intellectual singularity worked to ensure that Percy remained essentially apart, even (or especially) in his own hamlet. As he became increasingly disenchanting with the town, he liked to joke, "though I have lived in Covington 30 years, the Budweiser distributor is better known."

When queried about the possibilities of writing a memoir, Percy said he "couldn't think of anything more boring." If his life in Covington was to a large degree predictable, it hardly seems to have been boring, considering the vitality of his intellectual and creative existence. The achievements of his writing career alone are considerable: six novels and two books of essays. In 1962, he won the National Book Award for *The Moviegoer* and invitations, appointments, honorary degrees, and other prizes followed. Having received unstinting support from writers such as Shelby Foote, Jean

Stafford, and Caroline Gordon, Percy was generous in assisting other writers and students of literature. Most notable was his pivotal role in getting *A Confederacy of Dunces*, a novel by deceased author John Kennedy O'Toole, published. Ironically, the book went on to win a Pulitzer, a prize that eluded Percy.

Fiction writing was Percy's natural métier, but he did not settle into it altogether comfortably. Although his greatest achievements were literary, he seems to have derived the most satisfaction from his philosophical essays on language and symbol. When Flannery O'Connor complimented him on *The Moviegoer* and told him to "make up another story," her words struck a chord and perhaps had a different effect than what she had intended. In his letters, Percy refers more than once to her comment and expresses doubt about the legitimacy of "making up stories" as though it were somehow an unworthy occupation for a grown man. In such moments of insecurity, Percy obviously yearned for the comfort, the definition, and the routine of a "real job" or "regular work." At other times, he expresses such misgivings in terms of being torn between "thinking" (his *serious* work in linguistics) and "imagining" ("making up stories"). Even his particular brand of fiction—stories that work didactically to some greater good—reflect the author's pragmatic bent. Thus, though he eschewed medicine as an occupation, Percy remained at heart a doctor, a man interested in effecting cures.

Patrick Samway's *Walker Percy: A Life* is a dutiful compilation of data, but the biographer does not accomplish enough with his material. We learn of Percy's struggles with depression, his trouble with alcohol, the dry spells in his marriage, but these difficulties never become substantially real. Part of the problem is that Samway's prose style often lacks clarity and coherence. While the biographer provides ample facts, he seems at a loss where application and summation are concerned. His few attempts at interpretation result in feeble banalities. Commenting on Percy's killer concentration, Samway says: "He found solace in the written word and could imaginatively explore the unknown worlds that books offer. In particular, Walker seems to have understood that poetry and fiction give us the second chance that life seems to deny us." Such

pedestrian writing bespeaks a superficial understanding. How, for example, does the notion that "his casual dress reflected his inner spirit and put people at ease" square with the fact that Percy was intensely shy, and what is a "casual" inner spirit anyway? Finally, the biographer's use of the too familiar "Walker" throughout, though a minor flaw, is an indicative one.

The best that can be said of this book is that the author has avoided two of the biographical writer's basic sins. Samway does not distort or pervert the material to his own ends, nor does he indulge in posturing. His respect for his subject is apparent. Yet this same respect, perhaps, prompted him to drop subjects or omit details that might be embarrassing or hurtful to Percy's family and friends, resulting in inconsequential detail mixed with curious silences on important issues, often leaving the reader dangling. Samway casually verifies suspicions later on in an aside, an irksome technique at best. While seeming to issue from a sense of delicacy, such omissions are counterbalanced by Samway's unflinching discussion of Percy's trouble with flatulence and his addiction to Metamucil. Although Jay Tolson's 1992 biography, *Walker Percy: Pilgrim in the Ruins*, is unquestionably the better of the two,

Walker Percy: A Life does offer a different approach, and thus an additional opportunity to view the life of an extraordinary thinker and writer. While Samway may not have a great understanding to impart to the reader, his subject does, and even the details of Walker Percy's life are a full measure.

In the *Lysis*, Plato's dialogue on friendship, Socrates says that he would rather have a good friend "than the best quail or cock to be found," "than the gold of Darius," or "Darius himself." A friendship sustaining to mind and spirit, of inestimable worth, was enjoyed by Walker Percy and Shelby Foote, as they themselves reveal in *The Correspondence of Shelby Foote & Walker Percy*, a collection of their letters edited by Jay Tolson. What is initially most striking in these letters is the differences between the two friends, Percy's irony and circumspection providing an effective contrast to Foote's exuberance and optimism as expressed in, among other things, their writing habits. Foote outlined his novels carefully before he wrote them, whereas Percy allowed his own to evolve more organically. Also, because Percy's philosophical bent often led him into bogs of abstraction, fiction gave him a medium for embodying the ideas he had worked out in his mind; conversely, fiction gave Foote, a man centered in the concrete, a means of discovery. Yet their differences as men and artists helped to establish a compatibility that is captured in Percy's reflection on their Greenville years: "We were each other's college."

In other ways, Percy and Foote were very similar. Tolson's observations that they were "more observers than participants" and that "both were witty, prematurely cynical, irreverent, and generally attuned to each other's humor" find confirmation in the letters. The two friends were consummate Southerners and outspoken civil rights supporters (Percy for religious rather than for sociological or legal reasons), and, though politically liberal, they were independent in their thinking, avoiding strict partisanship. Interestingly, each believed that *National Review* treated his work most thoughtfully; "Maybe we're conservatives after all," Percy adds wryly in passing. It must also be more than simple coincidence that Percy received The Ingersoll Foundation's prestigious T.S. Eliot Award for Literature in 1987 and Foote won its Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters a decade later.

The Foote-Percy correspondence in fact belongs predominantly to Foote, his letters being greater in number (Percy kept them from 1948, while Foote did not begin saving Percy's side of the exchange until roughly 1970) as well as longer and more expansive. In addition to personal news and in-depth comment on his own work, Foote's letters include lengthy discussions of books, movies, music, and writing. The breadth and depth of Foote's reading (and re-reading) is astounding; he is invariably going through Proust or Dostoyevsky or Dante or whomever for the ninth or tenth time. Yet his greatest attention is often directed toward advising and encouraging Percy in his writing. Even after Percy won the National Book Award and seemed to be established, Foote continued to give his friend unflagging support (and admonishment, when he felt Percy needed it). If the reader finds Foote's tone occasionally excessive, he is only seconding Foote himself, who, late in the correspondence, apologizes for his didacticism and counts Percy a "saint" for having put up with him. Otherwise, Foote is unfailingly charming and usually right (we can forgive him for his dismissal of Flannery O'Connor as a "minor-minor writer"). Among the liveliest passages in the book are his irreverent updates on his 20-year-long Civil War project. On September 8, 1960, he writes, "By the end of the month I expect to have killed Stonewall Jackson dead as a mackerel"; on January 19, 1970, he is "finally back on pulse, crossing the Chattahoochee with Sherman and getting ready to send a bullet straight up James Birdseye McPherson's ass. A good lodgment"; and by July 10, 1973, he is nearing the end: "I'm working like a fiend, cooking Bobby Lee's goose but good."

Even though they are fewer, shorter, and more improvisational, Percy's letters have their own dramatic presence. Witty and self-deprecating, they are generally introspective. While Foote is self-assured, judging the world in terms of black and white, Percy is troubled by the grey. Tolson's claim that the reader finishes the letters "understanding these two men almost as well as they understood each other" may overstate the case somewhat, but one certainly leaves the volume with a feeling for the personal intensity of each of these writers, and a strong impression of a deeply connected friendship spanning a period of 60 years.

The Correspondence of Shelby Foote & Walker Percy

"I have in mind a futuristic novel dealing with the decline and fall of the U.S. . . . Of that and the goodness of God, and of the merriness of living quite anonymously in the suburbs, drinking well, cooking out, attending Mass . . . the goodness of Brunswick bowling alleys . . . coming home of an evening, with the twin rubies of the TV transmitter in the evening sky, having 4 drinks of good sourmash."

— Walker Percy to Shelby Foote,
on the genesis of *Love in the Ruins*.

The Cost of Madness

by Virginia Deane Abernethy

The New Americans: Economic, Demographic, and Fiscal Effects of Immigration

edited by James P. Smith
and Barry Edmonston

Washington, D.C.: National Academy Press; 448 pp., \$49.95



This compendium on immigration by editors of the National Research Council (NRC) includes the work of 14 scholars, among them economists, demographers, and sociologists. At least one of the contributors is a strong advocate of high levels of immigration, while another has recently criticized current policy for ignoring the decline in skills and levels of education among recent immigrants.

Despite the balanced appearance of the report, its findings immediately became a political hot potato. The *New York Times*, always a reliable advocate of mass legal immigration and generous public benefits for immigrants (as well as the publisher of Abe Rosenthal's occasional paean to illegal aliens) trumpeted the economic benefits of immigration—net additions to Gross Domestic Product in the range of one to ten billion dollars annually—while leaving it to other publications to put these figures in perspective: *E Magazine* and *National Review* have noted that one to ten billion dollars amount to a drop in the bucket of a \$7.6 trillion annual economy. This net economic increment, moreover, is the residual of an annual wealth transfer of \$140 billion to owners of capital, and \$133 billion away from wage and salary earners. George Borjas has discovered that this redistribution of wealth is caused by wage depression and labor displacement effected by immigration, although the transfer of wealth from lower- and middle-class Americans to wealthy ones is plainly contrary to the trend of public policy over the last 60 years. A more recent study by the Rand Corporation of California, where about one-third of all immigrants are concentrated, finds that

"1 to 1.5% of [California's] adult native-born population has left the labor force or become unemployed because of immigration." The NRC report, while citing few local labor market effects, acknowledges—as documented by William Fry of the University of Michigan—that many black and white displaced Americans have fled the state.

The fiscal effects of immigration are undesirable. California and New Jersey, as states with large immigrant populations, are the object of careful analysis by the NRC, whose report for 1994-95 shows an immigration-related, additional annual tax burden of \$1,174 on every household in California headed by a native-born American. Assuming that the fiscal burden were shared nationally, the tax burden per native household would rise into the range of \$15 to \$21 for every million immigrants. This apparently means that the 27 million foreign-born persons now in the United States cost each native household \$405 ($\$15 \times 27 = \$405$) or more in added taxes (a figure, however, that does not correspond to the lower number reported on page 293 of the study). Overall, the NRC estimates immigration to impose an annual net fiscal cost of 15 to 20 billion dollars or more, if California's expensive, state-mandated welfare benefits and its preponderance of Mexican and Central American immigrants, who average less than an eighth-grade education, are extrapolated nationwide.

Yet these figures are partial, and already outdated. The report assumed a reduction in immigrant welfare and supplementary income entitlements passed by the 1996 Congress and signed into law by President Clinton. But in 1997, lawmakers restored most of these cuts in transfer payments to all immigrants legally resident in the United States by August 1996. The NRC's accounting of the fiscal burden chargeable to immigration also ignores the added social welfare spending on behalf of unemployed or "discouraged" Americans displaced by immigrants.

Additionally, the cost appears far greater if the accounting charge for public goods (which constitute 23.7 percent of all federal outlays, including national defense, public health, and other categories) are assigned on a pro rata basis to

immigrant-headed households, as is standard practice with native households. The rationale for *not* doing so is that expenditures are fixed and do not vary with population numbers. Assuming the independence of these expenditures from the volatile immigrant population is, however, simplistic. Who would ignore the public health burden of a large foreign population whose members are much more likely than the native population to be infected with diseases such as tuberculosis, hepatitis B and C, and mosquito-transmitted malaria? Tuberculosis is a renewed threat in New York City, for example, where the cost of control has gone from close to zero in the early 1980's to upward of \$50 million annually.

The decision to exempt immigrants from a pro rata accounting charge for public goods seems overly facile, but the same cannot be said of a second major accounting strategy involving the cost of immigration throughout the immigrants' expected lifetimes and those of their descendants. In fact, immigrant participation in Social Security has foreseeably negative consequences since today's working immigrants will age and become beneficiaries of that system. Seventy percent of immigrants are less educated or less skilled than the average native-born American, meaning that their individual Social Security contributions are below average when compared with payments made by others in the labor force. Since Social Security is a redistributive system, people who contribute less receive a proportionately larger benefit relative to their contribution. It follows that the system incurs larger net liabilities for low-wage earners than for high-wage ones, and that immigrants as a category account for a particularly onerous liability because the vast majority are low-wage earners. Professor Donald Huddle estimates that immigrants contributed \$12.66 billion (17 percent of their taxes) to Social Security in 1994, which made them eligible (under the current system) for up to \$23.16 billion in benefits. Thus, the net Social Security liability attributable to immigrants in 1994 was \$10.5 billion. Although the benefits-to-contributions ratio is likely to be reduced across the board, low-wage earners, such as most immigrants, will al-

most certainly continue to receive proportionately higher benefits relative to amounts paid in. If the influx of predominantly unskilled immigrants continues, privatization of Social Security might be more compatible with the national interest.

The report notes in passing several areas excluded from analysis. Among these are the decision not to “consider the possibility that immigrants impose fiscal costs indirectly, by causing native workers to become unemployed or to drop into poverty due to reduced wages.” Donald Huddle and David Simcox say these costs amount to billions of dollars. The report’s most glaring omission, however, involves immigration’s impact upon the environment. The authors appear to believe that, because these effects are gradual and difficult to quantify, the subject is of negligible importance. But the magnitude and cost of environmental damage caused by population growth are significant and can be apprehended through such phenomena as greenhouse gas emissions.

In November 1997, President Clinton proposed that the United States reduce these emissions by the year 2010 to 1990 levels. But few people—the President included—make the connection between population growth and the production of CO₂ and other gases. In fact, U.S. energy use increased by 25 percent from 1970 to 1990, and 93 percent of that increase is attributable to population growth. Between 1990 and 1996, U.S. carbon emissions produced by burning fossil fuels (part of the greenhouse gas mix) increased 8 percent, and they are predicted to increase by 13 percent for the decade. Fred Meyerson has estimated that “over 70% of carbon emission increases in this decade can . . . be attributed to population growth,” and this figure may be low, since Meyerson uses the upwardly revised population census number for 1990 and therefore may be underestimating subsequent growth.

Using the Census Bureau’s unadjusted count of roughly 249 million people in 1990, the NRC report projects a U.S. population of 277 million by the turn of the century and an increase of 30 million people between 2000 and 2010 (assuming that present immigration trends continue). With 58 million more people in the United States in 2010 than in 1990, and population growth recently accounting for 70 to 90 percent of the growth in carbon emissions, how can Clinton or

Gore—or anyone—expect to reduce greenhouse gas emissions without per capita reductions in energy use so severe as to create an economic calamity?

The United States, by continuing to allow population growth at a rate faster than that experienced by any other industrialized country, is pursuing a suicidal course; population *reduction* would better suit the circumstances of looming environmental constraints. The NRC report, while falling short of this conclusion, does consider matters of population congestion, the redistribution of wealth, and the fiscal effects of immigration, all of which we must expect to produce growing national unease, perhaps in the near future.

Virginia Deane Abernethy is a professor of psychiatry at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine and the author of Population Politics: The Choices that Shape Our Future (Insight Books).

Shifting Sands by Wayne Allensworth

A Certain Justice
by P.D. James
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
364 pp., \$25.00



The grand theme of P.D. James’s work is man and his overwhelming sense of rootlessness, anxiety, and guilt in the knowledge of a crime unknown and a punishment outwardly denied in the post-Christian era, though inwardly anticipated. Especially in the last decade or so, James has moved far beyond Dame Agatha Christie, delving deeply into the psychological and theological realm of Dostoyevsky.

No longer a mystery writer but a novelist who so expertly employs the mystery genre that we hardly notice the intricacies of plot, the procedure of detection, and the uncovering of clues, James has achieved in *A Certain Justice* the rewards of more than 35 years of hard work.

The plot turns on the murder of a criminal lawyer known for her cold-blooded approach to her craft and her reputation for getting obviously guilty criminals off the judicial hook. Venetia

Aldridge is the most fully developed version of a character type James has evolved over the years: a career woman (typically unmarried, in this case divorced) who takes what purpose, passion, and meaning she is capable of feeling from her status as a leading member of the bar. Like Garry Ashe, the murderer she is defending, Aldridge is incapable of love—a recurring theme throughout the novel, underscoring the sense of isolation that many of the novel’s characters feel. Ashe, as Aldridge well knows, is a “psychopath,” a convenient term devised by our therapeutic society to “explain, categorize and define in statute law” the mystery of human evil. As Aldridge’s murder approaches, Ashe, freed by his counsel’s lawyerly skills, takes up with her unloved—and unwanted—daughter, thus precipitating a second murder and the main action of the novel, which is the search for Ashe.

It is evident from *A Certain Justice* that the inhabitants of James’s postmodern world are adrift as the struggle to become a “full human being” becomes increasingly precarious. Some of them grasp for meaning in a career or hobby, while most are lonely and isolated, recoiling in horror from the ugly reality of their society. “What is happening to us, to our world?” gasps one character. Adam Dalgliesh, sometime poet, connoisseur of church architecture, now chief of a Scotland Yard unit entrusted with the responsibility for particularly “sensitive” crimes, once again serves as the novel’s center of gravity. Dalgliesh has come a long way from solving genteel murders in country manors; the thoughtful, introspective son of a country parish priest, no stranger himself to personal tragedy, has steadily evolved through James’s most fully realized mystery novels, *A Taste for Death* (1986), *Devices and Desires* (1990), and *Original Sin* (1995). His able companion is Inspector Kate Miskin, the obverse of James’s career woman and an intelligent admirer of her boss. It is Kate, finally, with help from Father Presteign—the only character in the novel besides Dalgliesh capable of maintaining a position in the shifting postmodern sands—who affirms the possibility of justice and the freedom of the human will. “Even the bad dreams,” Kate assures Octavia, Venetia’s unloved daughter, “fade in time.”

Wayne Allensworth writes from Purcellville, Virginia.

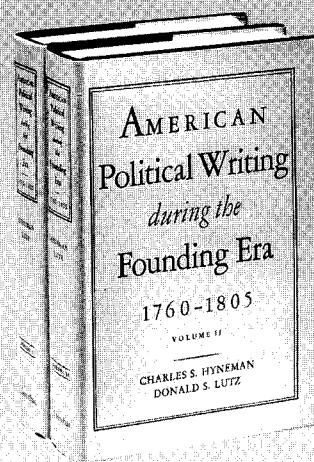
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by Samuel Francis

The Other Face of Multiculturalism

"The values of the weak prevail," wrote Friedrich Nietzsche, "because the strong have taken them over as devices of leadership." This brief and rather cryptic remark contains virtually all we need to know about why contemporary movements like multiculturalism, feminism, homosexuality, and anti-white racism are such powerful trends in modern American and other Western societies. It is easy enough to say that these movements are merely the revolt of Nietzsche's *Untermenschen* and the natural consequence of mass democracy and civilizational decline. But what Nietzsche grasped that many modern conservatives, who dislike Nietzsche almost as much as Karl Marx and Hillary Clinton, don't grasp is that what looks like decline, decadence, and decay to conservatives appears to the champions of such trends as progress and the birth of a new civilization. Because conservatives often fail to understand this, they perceive an apocalyptic collapse into anarchy and disorder where there is only an emerging structure of alternative power. The strong—those who like and want to use power—make use of unfashionable and forbidden ideas to gain power for themselves. Insofar as they are successful, the results do represent the decline of the kind of social and political order that conservatives are disposed to defend, but that does not mean that some sort of order is not at the same moment about to lurch forth from the apparent chaos.

Multiculturalism, for example, is less the result of ignorance and uninformed fantasies than a deliberate device by which the power-hungry can subvert a culture, whose moral codes deny them power, and build an alternative culture whose different moral codes yield power for themselves and none for their rivals. Much of the multiculturalist agenda that today rots the minds of children and students from daycare centers to the post-graduate level of education and research in fact originates in an important but little-known organization that calls itself the National Association for Multicultural Education, or NAME. Every year

NAME holds a convention that is attended by more or less innocent but nonetheless power-hungry educators—not only teachers but also school administrators, superintendents, and education professors—as well as by an inner circle of what can be described only as the professional nucleus from which most of the nutty concepts of applied multiculturalism derive.

This past year the NAME folks convened in Albuquerque, New Mexico—a suitably obscure location for plotting the subversion of civilization—and wove their many-tangled webs. The 600 attendees spent their time in seminars with titles like "Power Consciousness: Understanding Educator Power in the Classroom," "Building Race Unity," "Racial Identity, Jungle Fever, and the Politics of Interracial Relations," "Enhancing Diversity from Self to Others," "Challenging Cultural and Educational Hegemony," and "Educating for Equity and Excellence: A Challenge for Black Learners to Use Anger as a Catalyst." There were at least two keynote addresses, one of which was delivered by Peter McLaren of the University of California at Los Angeles and entitled "Towards a Revolutionary Multiculturalism," and another, by Ward Churchill of the University of Colorado at Boulder, called "Assimilation or Liberation? Crossroads for Multiculturalist Theory." Essentially what NAME and similar organizations do is transmit multiculturalist doctrine to the general run of dim-witted school teachers, show them how to apply it in classrooms, defend it against angry parents and skeptical community leaders, and construct a national cadre through which their will to power may blossom.

In a statement of "NAME's philosophy," the organization tells us that "Xenophobia, discrimination, racism, classism, sexism, and homophobia are societal phenomena that are inconsistent with the principles of democracy and lead to the counterproductive reasoning that differences are deficiencies." The premises of that statement, of course, are that the social institutions and identities—the "phobias" and "isms" listed—that define a particular order are (a) pathologies (hence the pseudo-psychiatric nomenclature) and (b)

undemocratic. The implicit meaning of "democracy" in the statement is perhaps not what most Americans understand by the term, nor for that matter are most of the phobias and "isms" mentioned of the truly anti-social variety. The statement also says that NAME "rejects the view that diversity threatens the fabric of a society."

But in enunciating such disclaimers the organization, like the multiculturalist, wears two faces. One face tells us that American society is imbued with exclusionary and repressive pathologies and calls for the extirpation of the basic mechanisms by which the pathologies and repression are sustained; the means to extirpate them is the enhancement of "diversity" and the challenging of the dominant institutional categories that in effect define the social order. The other face denies any such goal and assures us that diversity is no threat at all. Pointing to this contradiction is important, not so much to expose and refute the muddled thinking of the multiculturalist mafia, but rather to make clear the tactics by which this mafia seeks power.

Multiculturalism is entirely correct in one of its major premises, that American society or any other kind of social order defines itself by the exclusion or subordination of some kinds of beliefs and behaviors, and therefore also the partial exclusion of those groups that are culturally wedded to them. A moment's reflection shows that this is universally true, that the pagan Roman Empire or Christian medieval monarchies could not have been the kind of societies they were had they not excluded and repressed alternative beliefs and groups that did not share their identity. In the United States, where Americans have historically boasted of their tolerance and openness, the processes of exclusion and repression have generally been lacking in the formal apparatus of the state, and the absence of state action against social deviance has enticed many Americans into believing that those processes don't exist, that America is a unique and exceptional society that defines itself by its tolerance and "openness."

The fact is that American society, in part because of the weakness of its national state throughout its history, has re-

lied on informal mechanisms of exclusion and repression to control deviations from its norms and to enforce its own identity, and those informal mechanisms are located primarily in what we think of as the “culture.” What the multiculturalists call “xenophobia” (the restriction of membership in American society to people who are culturally identifiable as Americans), “discrimination” (the exclusion of certain groups from certain kinds of participation because they do not adhere to an identifiable American identity), and all the rest of the “isms” they list are rooted not in the formal laws and Constitution of the American state but in the family, religion, communities, and schools.

The multiculturalists are entirely right: in order to challenge the mechanisms of exclusion and repression, overthrowing the state is not terribly important. What is important is to overthrow the culture. If it’s revolution and liberation from these “pathologies” and forms of repression you’re looking for, forget the Pentagon, the FBI, and the CIA. The real enemies with whom you have to grapple are the family meal, the Sunday school, the barber shop, and the commonly held beliefs that are reinforced and transmitted in those places.

Given this strategy and the correctness of its assumptions, the other face of multiculturalism acquires considerable importance as a tactic in carrying it out. The other face of multiculturalism insists that its challenge is not really radical or revolutionary at all but merely the fulfillment of “democracy” and what the NAME statement of philosophy elsewhere calls “the individual’s noble quest to define one’s relationship and responsibility to our global society.” In other words, the other face of multiculturalism mobilizes its revolutionary agenda by using commonly accepted words and icons of the contemporary dominant culture—“democracy” and the “global society,” not to mention the ubiquitous clichés that “America is a nation of immigrants” or the “first universal nation” or is “founded on a proposition” too abstract to permit real cultural content. It uses these words and icons in order to gain a sympathetic hearing from the commonplace centers of cultural power. This suggests that multiculturalism is as powerful as it is because the groundwork for its revolutionary attack on traditional American culture has been laid for it by the contemporary dominant culture and

by the jargon that the dominant culture has popularized and with which it defines itself.

What we have in the United States today, then, are ostensibly three different cultures (or subcultures, if you will). One is the traditional patriarchal, family-centered, Euro-American culture that defines and enforces itself through largely informal mechanisms and with which most who call themselves conservatives identify to one degree or another. The second is the dominant culture of the imperial metropole—the dominant media, the major universities, and national politics. The third is the largely imaginary culture championed by the multiculturalists as the alternative to the first two (though they usually don’t distinguish between the first two in the delusion that the dominant culture is simply an extension of the traditional one).

In fact, multiculturalism is not distinct from the dominant culture. It survives because of the ascendancy of the dominant culture’s beliefs (embedded in such terms as “democracy” and the “global society”) and enforced behaviors; it flourishes because it is lodged in the educational and governmental bureaucracies of the dominant culture; it is legitimized by the propaganda apparatus of the dominant culture; and its agenda is simply an intensification and a continuation of the agenda of the dominant culture, which is the replacement of the traditional culture by itself. Under the Clinton administration in particular, the dominant culture has intensified its war on traditional culture, in explicit alliance with multiculturalist legions. Hence, the president’s fatuous “race initiative,” which tolerates only perspectives based on nonwhite resentment and white guilt; hence, the administration’s obsession with “hate crimes,” the “stealth agenda” of which, as Robert Knight of the Family Research Council recently noted, is to “elevate homosexuality [and for that matter, all other victim categories excluded and subordinated by traditional cultural identity] to specially protected minority status.”

It is true that multiculturalism differs from the dominant culture in much of its rhetoric and some of its tactics. The “diversity” it is always chattering about is not characteristic of the dominant structures of the state, media, and the higher perches of the economy, but because the dominant culture does not define itself through the same exclusions and repres-

sions that traditional culture does, “diversity” is no real threat to it. What the dominant culture excludes and represses is the traditional culture itself, and “diversity” is today the principal weapon by which it seeks to achieve that goal. By enforcing “diversity” as both an ideal and an actual practice through affirmative action, forced integration, mass immigration, and multiculturalism itself, the dominant culture undermines the defining mechanisms of the traditional culture and renders its continued functioning impossible. Since the dysfunctions in traditional culture that result often engender genuinely pathological behavior, that simply reinforces the image of traditional culture as inherently pathological.

Conventional conservatives are generally correct that the dysfunctions they perceive in American society are signs of decadence—the weakening of families, the erosion of communities, the inversion of sexual morality, and all the other chants in the litany of decline. These are symptoms of the decadence of traditional culture, whether induced by its enemies or not; but they are also signs of the triumph of the dominant culture, which regards them at worst as insignificant irritants or at best as indications of impending liberation from traditional restraints and the defeat of its adversary, traditional culture. The values of the weak, the weird, the excluded, and the repressed prevail because those who inhabit the dominant culture have taken them over as devices by which their own leadership is entrenched. Nietzsche understood this long before the tactic had a name and long before groups like NAME discovered how to use the tactic to entrench their own power. 

LIBERAL ARTS

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“John and Robert [Kennedy] were assassinated in the midst of crusades—against communism, for civil rights—that they were prepared to die for.”

—from *Time*, January 12, 1998

Letter From Venice

by Curtis Cate

Illusion and Reality, Then and Now



Years ago—so long ago indeed that I hesitate to record the date—a wise lady of Hungarian origin said to me in Vienna: “Oh, to be able to see Venice again for the first time!” It was one of those casual remarks which, behind the smiling mask of a truism, reveals a hidden, monitory depth.

Contrary to what Thomas Jefferson and many other 18th-century optimists believed, human happiness is not something that can be methodically pursued. In its supreme forms or visitations, where it approaches or attains the pinnacle of ecstasy, it is a delicious surprise, a “gift of the gods,” and for all of us that blessed moment when the expectation is equaled or surpassed by the attainment. It is that magic instant, so delicately evoked by Joyce, when on the occasion of his *first* kiss, his autobiographical hero, Stephen Daedalus, experienced with a thrill the “soft, sweet swoon of sin.” It is that extraordinary moment in the life of a young male, described by Stendhal with such psychological penetration in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, when for the first time an adolescent proves his virility with the trembling consent of his female partner.

In citing these two examples, I do not wish to suggest that the “firstness” of any truly happy experience is limited to erotic pleasure—which fortunately for all of us is not the case. It is simply because Venice—the *serenissima* Republic of the Doges, the proud maintainer of a Mediterranean fleet that was long a match for all others, the home of Paolo Veronese, of Jacopo Robusti (better known as a dyer’s son by his nickname of Tintoretto), of Tiziano Vecellio (whom Kenneth Clark once called the greatest portrait painter of all time)—was also the city of that exuberant lecher, Giovanni Giacomo Casanova, and of his libertine

friend, “Abbate” Lorenzo da Ponte—the poet and librettist who persuaded Mozart to compose *Don Giovanni*.

Two centuries ago, many were the travelers who came to Venice with no clearly defined impression of the wonders that awaited them. They were moved by the vivid tales they had heard of this floating city and which, like everything read or heard about, were embellished and embroidered in their feverish imaginations. But in our age of illustrated magazines, travel leaflets, and tourist posters, this kind of visual innocence has virtually ceased to exist. The no longer distant destination must now vie with the pre-existing photographic image which, even before the alluring goal is reached, has robbed it of much of its mystery.

For this 20th-century plight there is of course a kind of ersatz remedy or crutch—the hired or self-appointed tourist guide. As the great art historian, Ernst Gombrich, has never ceased to point out, knowledge of the circumstances in which a great painting, a great piece of sculpture, or a great edifice was created *adds* to one’s enjoyment of what might otherwise be casually dismissed as inexplicably puzzling, quaint, and deplorably “unmodern,” just one more artistic extravaganza sponsored or financed by members of an inexcusably pampered “leisure class” (to use the language of Thorstein Veblen). The extent to which the puritanical “subconscious” adversely affects and cripples aesthetic judgments is, I think, matched in our contemporary democratic world only by the crass ingratitude the *willfully ignorant* tourist displays towards extraordinary works of art that it took years, and sometimes even decades, to complete. For the willfully ignorant tourist is also, in this age of supersonic transport and *spoudiphilia* (love of haste) the itinerant tourist-in-a-hurry. As my brother, no lover of museums, once said to me, after accompanying a Canadian friend to the Palace of Versailles, “I normally go through a museum on a bicycle, but he roared through on a motorbike!”

When I made my first visit to Venice in 1949—for the truth at last “must out”—the floating city did not yet boast an airport. It was linked to the mainland

town of Mestre (since become, o scandal of scandals, an oil-refining center) by a narrow causeway paralleled by a track leading to the railway station. I arrived with a friend by car (more exactly a Jeep), which we left in a large garage or *autorimessa*, which to this day adjoins the Piazzale Roma and the fluvial terminus for the *vaporetti* that ply up and down the Grand Canal. Night had already fallen, cloaking the darkly silhouetted buildings in a mantle of nocturnal mystery in the midst of which, like golden sequins, a row of receding birthday candles seemed to offer us a wobbly greeting.

Even though it was undertaken in a diesel-powered *vaporetto* (steam-driven river ferries were already a thing of the past), that first trip up the Grand Canal, with a long necklace of lanterns illuminating the facades of neo-Gothic palazzi, each with its small wooden wharf and gaily colored barber-poles for the hitching of its gondolas, was an unforgettable experience. Had I been richer, I would have insisted on making the trip by gondola—then, as now, an expensive luxury reserved for leisurely millionaires.

It was only much later, when I was doing research for my biography of George Sand—whose *Lettres d’un voyageur* (written during her six-month stay in 1834) are among the most enchanting pages ever written about this city by a non-Italian author—that I realized what I had missed. Her description of her own approach to Venice with her poet-lover Alfred de Musset is worth quoting, if only as a sad reminder of how much our modern, time-pressed world has lost in terms of *slowly unfolding* beauty ever since the automobile replaced the horse-and-buggy, and the water-churning *vaporetto* the kind of hooded gondola, poled by three stout gondoliers, in which the two French “honeymooners” were silently propelled toward the heart of the city.

Suspended like a lantern over the twinkling lights of the Giudecca waterway up which they were gliding, the moon now came into view with an almost theatrical sense of timing, a sultry, heavy-lidded moon, against whose huge blood-

shot disk the sculpted fretwork of domes and terraces was magnificently silhouetted. Slowly, as it rose through its shredded bank of cloud, the disk shrank and silvered, until the cornices of the Ducal Palace and the cupolas of San Marco shone like pieces of alabaster.

Recently, when a friend generously offered my wife and myself a second trip to Venice, I knew in advance that it could not possibly offer us anything remotely comparable in visual excitement. Yet I succumbed to the resistible temptation, momentarily forgetting that one's fondest moments are best preserved by *not* trying to relive them.

From the moment our Air France plane touched down at the Marco Polo airfield, located on the mainland north of Venice, I realized that this second trip to the aquatic city was going to be radically different from the first. But the disappointment far exceeded my worst fears and misgivings.

It was a dull afternoon, in which the greyness of the misty sky was reflected in the muddy opacity of the greenish, soup-like sea, so shallow in many places that V-shaped logs mark the waterways boats must use to reach Venice in order to avoid running aground on hidden sandbanks. (It was this "blessed" shallowness which for centuries made the *serenissima* Republic so invulnerable to attacks from the mainland and the Adriatic, just as rocky reefs and treacherous Channel currents once made the Breton seaport of St. Malo a haven for corsairs and pirates.) On this particular afternoon the misty haze enveloping Venice had none of the sun-tinged softness which Turner and Bonington, two of the greatest watercolorists of all time, so magically caught in their delicate aquarelles. It was just one more sea-mist shrouding what, as we grew closer, turned out to be the scrofulous backside of Venice.

The approach to every great city, in this age of suburban sprawl, is now almost invariably made through a squalid belt of unlovely slum-dwellings, cheap tenements, workshops with corrugated-iron roofs, and brick or concrete factory buildings. Venice, as I now discovered to my dismay, is no exception. Whereas the old causeway and the railway track take one directly into the terminal square at one end of the serpentine Grand Canal, anyone arriving by *motoscafo*

speed-boat from the Marco Polo airport is driven past the cemeterial island of San Michele (where, I believe, Diaghilev is buried) and then along the northeastern rim of the city, with its uninspiring waterfront of bedraggled houses, as far as a canal which, cutting across the city's eastern proboscis, takes one past the red-brick walls and battlements of the old Darsena arsenal and out into the bay, or what the Venetians more accurately call the Canale di San Marco.

When I asked the cigarette-smoking driver of our "water-taxi" why he had not approached Venice from the western end and taken us up the Grand Canal, he answered, "Because it's much shorter." The trip, instead of costing a mere 130,000 lire (roughly \$80 at the current rate of exchange) would have cost far more.

This first disappointment was quickly followed by a second, far more serious shock. I had long known that the time *not* to visit Venice was during the mid-summer months when, as George Sand once wrote, it becomes "a city of daytime corpses lethargically stretched out on sofas or the cushioned bottoms of their boats, who slowly fan themselves to life at dusk on the cooling marble of their balconies or beneath the sun-scorched awnings of their cafes." The time to visit Venice, I had been assured by experienced connoisseurs, is September or October, when visitors no longer sweat and swelter in the suffocating heat. But what I had not been told was that precisely for this reason, these two months have now become the "height" of the "tourist season."

I have never been to Coney Island on a sunny weekend, and I cannot therefore venture a comparison. But the Venice I discovered reminded me of the crush-hour on the Paris, London, or Manhattan subway systems—the main difference being that the crush here was of a less hectic and more *farniente* kind. No matter where one walked or turned—Venice is a city of narrow, winding streets, many of them little more than alleyways—one bumped into or had to avoid tourists. They were everywhere—munching sloppy pizzas or prosciutto and mozzarella sandwiches in crowded trattorias or at fast-food counters; feeding nuts to hundreds of fluttering pigeons on the Piazza San Marco; lining up in pathetic queues in order to be able to clamber up the many steps of the red-brick-and-marble, pencil-pointed campanile;

taking snapshots of themselves against the balustrades of the tree-shaded Giardini ex Reali, where between the sycamores sub-Boningtons and neo-Turners peddle their slick, too sharply drawn views of baroque churches and arched bridges spanning the green waters of narrow *canaletti*; and, above all, they were there in droves, thronging the broad pavement of the Riva degli Schiavoni, the long, curving waterfront facing the floating island of San Giorgio Maggiore and the Lido beyond it, which owes its name to the once proud Republic's Slavic neighbors on the other side of the Adriatic.

The Italians, as humorist George Mikes once remarked, are a nation of exuberant extroverts among whom, after a couple of weeks, even the most inhibited Englishman is likely to start talking in a louder tone of voice and gesticulating like an orchestra conductor. In 1949, the late-evening discussions and, more surprisingly, the early-morning *conversazioni* in the narrow streets below were so sleep-disturbing that twice I had to move from little hotels near the Piazzetta San Marco, not far from the basilica. I finally found a relatively peaceful haven in a humble *pensione* run by an Austrian woman on the Riva degli Schiavoni.

Venice

"The gods returned to earth when
Venice broke
Like Venus from the dawn-
encircled sea.
Wide laughed the skies with light
when Venice woke
Crowned of antiquity,
And like a spoil of gems unmined
on earth
Art in her glorious mind
Jewelled all Italy for joy's rebirth
To all mankind."

—William Rose Benét,
Gaspara Stampa, Stanza 9

Wishing to see if the *pensione* still existed, I set out one morning from the Piazza San Marco, where, as usual, fatuously smiling tourists were having themselves photographed with hopeful pigeons perched on their arms, shoulders, and even heads—it does not take much, in this peanut-producing age, to make of one an ersatz Francis of Assisi—and headed for the Riva degli Schiavoni. Beyond the top-heavy Palazzo Ducale, with its squat arcade pillars, I had trouble pushing my way up and over the marble-lined steps of the first arched bridge, from which dozens of camera-wielders were jostling each other in desperate efforts to “snap” a view of the ornately covered Bridge of Sighs.

I moved on past the familiar russet facade of the Hotel Danieli, with its narrow Gothic windows, where George Sand and her 23-year-old Alfred spent a fateful “honeymoon” (which ended in disaster), and where in more recent times Ernest Hemingway spent several months writing one of his worst novels. The venerable hostelry seemed much the same, although—*politesse des riches oblige*—it had developed a large white annex, surmounted by a penthouse restaurant where those who can afford the prices can enjoy a fine panoramic view of the lagoon.

Sure enough, not far beyond it was my old friend, the Pensione Wildner, whose somewhat seedy exterior was now enhanced by an outdoor restaurant covered by a large green awning. But what in the meantime had happened to the Riva degli Schiavoni? The sense of space once offered to leisurely strollers had completely disappeared. Instead, a series of booths now lined the middle of the broad promenade, exhibiting every-

thing from brightly lettered T-shirts (Ricardo, Angelina, Luigi, and of course “Venezia”) to cheap scarfs, garish postcards, miniature trinkets, and imitation carnival masks—in short, the kind of bargain-basement bric-a-brac which souvenir-hunters now insist on taking home as proof that they really made it to this or that tourist mecca. But even more dismaying was to find that one could now hardly see the elegant flagstones of this once proud promenade. They had more or less disappeared beneath a slowly moving mass of gym shoes, boots, blue jeans, and shapeless pantaloons worn by the kind of hatless, tieless, skirtless rabble which now unconcernedly parades its unkempt sloppiness everywhere—from the waterfront of San Francisco to the sacred grottos of Lourdes.

Perhaps my trouble is that, like Baudelaire, I have read too many books. Nostalgia, like all romantic moods, can easily become a pleasure-spoiling ailment as well as a distorting mirror of the past. Those who—and I confess that I am one of them—secretly regret the passing of the horse-and-buggy age must take to heart what Jane Jacobs, in *The Economy of Cities*, had to say about life as it was really lived in 19th-century London or Paris. The streets reeked of horse dung and urine; every time it rained the pedestrians were splattered by mud; and, as readers of Thackeray’s *Vanity Fair* may recall, the sound of metal rims rolling over cobbles was so grating and unpleasant that straw was often strewn in front of doorways to soften the noise made by passing carriage-wheels.

We should similarly beware of overidealizing the rosy image we may have formed of 18th-century Venice, immortalized for us in the geometrically precise paintings of Canaletto and the lovely canal and seascapes of Francesco Guardi. Venice was then a still prosperous city of 200,000 souls, whereas today its population has dwindled to 70,000. It is romantic fancy to imagine that its narrow streets and its 400 bridges were not often crowded and thus radically different from the idyllic vision so many 18th-century artists and engravers have left us of beautifully uncluttered European squares graced by one or two horse-drawn carriages and several untroubled strollers armed with canes and parasols. This said, of one thing I am certain: the crowds in Casanova’s or Canaletto’s Venice were certainly far better dressed than the mass of itinerant vagabonds one

now sees on the Piazza San Marco and the Riva degli Schiavoni at the height of the tourist season. Or, for that matter, on the Champs-Élysées in Paris, which once prided itself on its vestimentary elegance. For soon, at the present dizzying rate of free-and-easy “progress,” the only well-dressed people left in the Western world will be head-waiters and the concierges of posh hotels.

Ours is, among other things, the Age of the Instant: instant coffee, instant “knowledge,” fast food, faster fornication (generously supplied by many TV channels). It is also the Age of Instant Tourism. I do not say—of instant travel. For, as André Malraux once noted on an unpublished slip of paper, “Tourism is to travel what prostitution is to love.”

A century and a half ago any Englishman, Frenchman, or German wishing to see the pyramids of Egypt, the great mosques of Istanbul, or the temples of the Peloponnesus had to endure a week or more of rough sailing to reach the longed-for destination. During that period those hardy travelers had plenty of time to work up a high degree of anticipation prior to the magic moment when—for Byron, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine, for example—the minarets and dome of the Sulimaniye, of the Sultan Ahmed mosque, and of Hagia Sophia emerged slowly from the Sea of Marmora like a watery mirage. The ineffable pleasure then experienced was enhanced by the obstacles and dangers they had had to overcome to reach the distant city, the dimly surmised unpromised land beyond the seas. Theirs was the happiness that is vouchsafed to the courageous, when it comes not as a gratuitous gift but as a well-earned recompense for risks taken and hardships endured.

Every time I read or hear a new announcement informing us that the international airport of this or that great city urgently needs to be expanded and its runways doubled in order to absorb an ever-increasing volume of human traffic, I experience a sinking of the heart. In this age of facility—the unnamed god to which all industrial and postindustrial activity now pays instinctive homage—travel agencies, like airlines, municipal authorities, and governments, combine their efforts to lessen the time needed to get from one place to another. They thus eradicate the temporal dimension of psychological expectation which, like good wine and so much else in life, needs time

LIBERAL ARTS

IT'S TRUE BECAUSE I SAY IT IS

“When the first lady complains of a right-wing conspiracy, it rings true even though there is little or no evidence that right-wingers have done anything.”

—Ted Koppel on Nightline, quoted in *Media Reality Check*, a publication of the Media Research Center

to ripen and mature. Instant tourism, they lightheartedly assume, is a mass recipe for instant happiness, or at any rate contentment. But one may well wonder if what it really manufactures is not ersatz entertainment, the illusion of happiness, and, when all is said and done, one more blasé form of individual or collective boredom.

Let no one think that I am here indulging in fun-spoiling *Schadenfreude*. But if you feel that you must absolutely visit Venice *for the first time*—and I sincerely hope you do—let me offer you, free of charge, four pieces of advice. Do *not* fly in by air, but approach by road or rail, or even better, if you can afford the time, by ship, when this aquatic miracle, as E.M. Forster noted long ago in *A Passage to India*, looms out of the mists of the Adriatic as a perfect architectural embodiment of the West's sense of symmetry and order.

Do *not* visit Venice during the stiflingly hot summer months of July and August. Do *not* visit Venice during the now "fashionable" months of September and October. Instead, choose one of the months of early spring when, as George Sand once wrote, the caged nightingales regain their voices and the flower-boxes on the arched balconies blossom forth with giant campanulas, honeysuckle clusters, and Greek roses.

Above all, discard your newspapers and your magazines and prepare yourself "for the occasion" by buying or borrowing a volume of Casanova's *Memoirs*. Or, if you can possibly find a copy, of Lorenzo da Ponte's almost as fascinating autobiography (first published, oddly enough, in New York). Don't, whatever happens, miss the hilarious story of how Casanova despoiled the Marquise d'Urfé of her jewels, only to be tricked by his Venetian manservant, Costa, who, when they later met again in Vienna, explained to his former master that he had merely wanted in his turn to become an itinerant gentleman and poet; a more successful, real-life Leporello, whose opening lament in *Don Giovanni* was not idly chosen by Da Ponte: "*Voglio far il gentiluomo.*" "I want to play the gentleman"—in other words, the opposite of what today's jet-propelled tourist tramp wants to be and consequently becomes.

Curtis Cate is the author of six books, including a biography of André Malraux, recently published by Fromm in New York.

Letter From Germany

by Josef Schüsslburner

Totalitarian Again?



On January 9, 1997, in an open letter in the *New York Times* to German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, American artists and intellectuals criticized the discriminatory treatment of Scientologists in Germany. Although the petitioners claimed not to be biased in their complaint by sympathy for this church, their objectivity has to be questioned, for there are far more serious instances of discrimination and intolerance in Germany. These social activists usually end up "Nazifying the Germans," equating the "victims" of the moment with the Jews of the holocaust. What they miss, however, is that the past most relevant for understanding Germany today is not the period of the 1930's and 40's but the period of the communist dictatorship, when the Soviet Union ruled the major part of our country.

Though the unification of Germany was ostensibly a crushing defeat for the left who opposed it, this defeat has been turned into a stunning victory, as the communist past is now repeating itself in Germany in the guise of liberalism. The victorious left is currently represented in the *Bundestag* by the Party of Democratic Socialism (PDS), by the "Greens" (whose leaders came from the radical '68 generation and were sympathetic to the left-wing terrorists of the 1970's), as well as by the Social Democrats, classified as "liberals" by American analysts. After unification, the leading communists of the East German regime dubbed themselves the "Party of the Democratic Left"; the Christian Democrats of that dictatorship were absorbed by Kohl's Christian Democratic Party (CDU), and the Liberal Democratic Party was incorporated into Kohl's coalition partner, the liberal Free Democratic Party. This inclusion of communists and their willing Christian and liberal collaborators into the "democratic bloc" has imposed a communist mindset on the culture of unified Germany.

Uninformed people around the world

are used to identifying Kohl's Christian Democratic Party as "conservative," though it is nothing of the sort; it is even to the left of the neoconservative British Tories and American Republicans. The CDU's top leaders, in fact, would reject the label "conservative." In its early years, the party openly embraced Christian socialism and the nationalization of "key" industries. Only the circumstances of the Cold War and the expectations of its supporters forced the CDU to appear more conservative than it really is. In the last European elections, Chancellor Kohl favored Mr. Blair's New Labour over the Europe-doubting British Conservatives, and he was not unhappy with the election results in France that brought the united left, including communists, back into government.

The collapse of the Soviet Union and her tyrannical internationalism forced the left to find a new ideological fatherland, which ironically turned out to be either liberal America or multicultural "Europe," meaning the left has had to turn to political ideas it had previously associated with the enemy. The majority of Germans, at least 60 percent, are hostile to the left's agenda, especially the abolition of Germany's currency. Chancellor Kohl, in his zealotry for a united Europe, must therefore buck the will of his people and forge left-wing internationalism with the pan-Europeanism of the centrist Christian Democratic parties.

Americans may wonder how 60 percent of Germans can oppose the abolition of their currency, but still have the measure rammed down their throats by a 99 percent majority (a classic Soviet majority) of their freely and democratically elected representatives. Can this be democracy? Why not simply sack these rascals and throw them out of office?

Unfortunately, it is very difficult to do this within a party system based on proportional representation and ruled by party bosses. It is therefore imprudent for members of Parliament to oppose the party leadership, which in the case of the "governing party" is largely identical with the government. To comprehend the totalitarian nature of the situation, keep in mind that the original "anti-fascist" constitution of communist East Germany in 1949 was only a cunning version of the previously adopted constitution of West Germany, which is now the constitution of reunited Germany. This similarity shows that one only has to

modify certain aspects of liberalism to form the anti-fascist version, or in other words, to turn a free democracy into what J.L. Talmon has called “totalitarian democracy.” The essential feature of such a system is the prohibition of any “opposition to democracy.” To do this, “democracy” must be transformed into a political religion, which indeed has happened throughout the Western world. The final chapter in this development is when the “democracy” becomes characterized by one-party rule, or when former opposition parties are absorbed, overtly or ideologically, into a governing coalition (as happened with the CDU and the liberals in Communist Germany and as happened with the rise of a one-party state in America). The formal abolition of opposition is thus not even necessary.

The impact of this communist pattern of thinking in Germany became visible during the process of unification. Left-wing agitation imposed a conversion rate for the GDR currency in relation to the deutsche mark of roughly 1:1.8, a rate that led to an inflation rate of approximately 350 percent in the former GDR. The result was the complete disappearance of East Germany’s manufacturing base, which is now sustained by huge public subsidies from the western region of Germany; without government assistance, the unemployment rate in the former GDR would be 80 percent. In the absurd expectation that the taxpayer’s burden caused by this misguided policy could be relieved by legislation, the political parties of the left and the center agreed on an amendment that abolished the constitutional protection of property, as far as this protection relates to land that was confiscated during the Soviet “property reforms” of 1945-49, when the Soviets stole (via mass expulsion and even murder) more than half of the real estate of East Germany. In other words, by virtue of this constitutional amendment, the federal government of unified Germany and members of the former ruling communist elite are now the rightful owners of this stolen real estate, whereas the ostracized class of prewar property owners, largely faithful supporters of West Germany’s Christian Democratic Party, remains without compensation.

In order to suppress or at least discredit opposition to the communist mindset now deep-rooted in Germany, the centrist bloc has begun harassing its critics by charging them with an offense called

Volksverhetzung—meaning “instigating people” against minorities—found in paragraph 130 of the penal code. This law penalizes anyone expressing disbelief in the holocaust, in the official number of holocaust victims, or in the accepted methods by which these victims died. This code puts historians and even critics of immigration policy—in fact, virtually anyone who disagrees with any policy of the ruling class—at risk of criminal persecution. Most telling, this penal code mirrors the communists’ *Boykotthetze* (meaning instigation against democratic constitutions and politicians) of the GDR constitution of 1949, which was designed to suppress any opposition to the Soviet regime (i.e., “to democracy”).

In 1994, 2,586 people were charged with violating this code, and the number of books and magazines that are now prohibited by the government is mounting. The punishment for “wrong thought” can even be more severe than the verdicts given for certain kinds of manslaughter. Mr. Udo Walendy, an editor of a history journal, received 15 months immediate imprisonment for “playing down the holocaust,” in particular for asserting that some state documents relating to this event had been faked. (At the same time, two GDR border guards who had killed a 15-year-old boy received a suspended sentence of 12 months.) In the high-profile case of Günter Deckert, the leader of a small right-wing party, which in 1969 had received a popular vote of 4.6 percent, was brought up on criminal charges for translating and praising a speech by Fred Leuchter, who claimed the Nazis did not conduct mass exterminations by poison gas. When Judge Rainer Orlet recommended a suspended sentence for Mr. Deckert, he was hounded off the bench by political pressure; outraged by the judge’s lenient sentence, leftists and liberals demanded nothing short of two years immediate imprisonment for Mr. Deckert. Ever since then, and in particular since the resignation of the second judge to hear this case, German judges fear retribution if they fail to throw the book at anyone with an “extremist” background or “incorrect” thoughts. Conversely, serious crimes by left-wing terrorists are treated with kid gloves, as when radical Turks murdered a German conservative with “incorrect” views. Influenced by leftist pressure the world over, the Court found the assassins guilty not

of murder but of a lesser offense based on “death caused by bodily attack.” If disbelief in officially protected tenets constitutes society’s vilest offense, one would think that only capital punishment could fit this crime. Germany, however, forbids capital punishment, and so it allows for the next best thing: leniency toward left-wing murderers who exercise the “right to resist”—i.e., to kill—perceived “Nazis.”

German civil servants risk their very jobs if they express the opinion, shared by many historians, that Germany was not solely responsible for the outbreak of the two world wars, or if they compare (without equating) the holocaust to the mass killing of German civilians by the Allies’ air raids and by the ethnic cleansing of Germans in the eastern territories, now annexed by Poland, Russia, and the Czech Republic. Germany’s leftist political class is afraid that any tolerance of free thinking would force the country to be more assertive in furthering legitimate German interests, as in the clarification of German property rights in the territories now annexed by neighboring states. If the German government would, for example, veto Poland’s inclusion in NATO until this human rights question is resolved, it would reveal the tenuousness of European unity and jeopardize the aim of the “democratic bloc,” which, with the support of the communists, is to bring Germany under European control and force her to bankroll European union as a form of war compensation and penitence. Since the internationalist political class of Germany wants to be the friend of every foreign power and foreigner, the enemy has to be found from within. “Nazifying the Germans” thus becomes official German policy.

But to transform a “democracy” into an oppressive ideological regime which forbids opposition, critics not only have to be outlawed; secret police are necessary to discredit them as well. One major feature of the current “German way of democracy,” as the *Economist* described it, is the establishment of 17 internal secret service agencies (one at the federal level and one in each of the 16 states) designed to “protect the constitution.”

With the sole exception of the DP (German Party) that was part of Chancellor Adenauer’s coalition government during the Cold War, there has not been a single right-wing party that, once close to achieving the five percent of the vote needed to be represented in Parliament,

has not been branded "extremist" and "radical" by the political and media elite. The most famous such party is the *Republikaner* of the state of Baden-Württemberg, where it constitutes the major opposition to a coalition government of Christian and Social Democrats. A government agent has even created a neo-Nazi group to infiltrate the party to instigate "neo-Nazi" activities, acts of "extremism" which the government could later cite as justification for shutting down the party. (America, does this sound familiar?) How many "neo-Nazi" groups would actually exist in Germany without such state intervention is an interesting question.

The *Republikaner* were very close to overcoming the five percent barrier before the last federal elections, which terrified the political establishment. To counter its growing popularity, the gov-

ernment then tried to pin on the party an arsonist attack that killed several Turks. Those accused of the crime were convicted on very flimsy evidence, and it was clear that they had had extensive contact with the government agent/agent provocateur. Germany's Turkish community also threatened demonstrations and bloody reprisals, thus assuring that the suspects would not be acquitted.

The perversion of democracy into an ideological system with official truths to be protected by criminal law and a secret police is what passes for liberty in the "Free World" today. The result is that political institutions, as seen here in Germany, no longer reflect true public opinion. Though one-third of Germans say they belong to the "right," right-wing parties are diligently suppressed.

Americans may ask whether rendering assistance to Germany's right-wing

opposition would further American interests. Perhaps not, at least in terms of the expansion of NATO or the inclusion of Turkey into Europe. But to require that the democratic process in different countries produce the same political results is a sign of the "totalitarian democracy" we now see throughout the West. If the United States is truly interested in the spread of democracy, as it says it is, then Americans have no other choice but to intervene in favor of Germany's conservative opposition. Of course, it is always possible that, rhetoric to the contrary, true democracy is the last thing that America and her allies really want to spread.

Josef Schüsslburner is a German civil servant who writes from Bonn.

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REGIONALISM

The Cajuns of Louisiana

by Roger L. Busbice

In the 1980's, "Cajun" suddenly became "cool." From rotund Chef Paul Prudhomme and high-rolling Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards to the music of Beausoleil and "blackened" redfish, anyone and anything associated with the remnants of French culture along the Gulf Coast was "in." The nation eagerly embraced the battle-cry of the Cajun: "Let the good times roll!" In the popular imagination, south Louisiana became the land of bayou-dwelling fiddle-players, endlessly stirring giant kettles filled with spicy jambalaya. To many Americans, "*La Louisiane*" was the ultimate laid-back, fun-loving, lackadaisically governed society, where a prominent political boss once observed that "corruption done with a jest" is applauded. French-Louisianans basked in their new prominence, rejoiced that free enterprise is the American way, and thanked God that their ancestors reached the swampy "Eden," as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow called it.

As always, the reality is somewhat different from the perception. The true story of the Cajun is a bitter and sometimes bloody narrative of hope, betrayal, renewal, despair, and survival. The myth of gumbo, Spanish moss, and perpetual joy is rooted in fact but fails to capture the essence, the lingering nobility of the Cajun people. Because of the Cajun, South Louisiana does indeed remain an outpost of Old World charm, culture, and language. The ties to France and to French Canada are strong, and the Gallic legacy of the Cajun past is never forgotten. In fact, perhaps to a greater extent than elsewhere, the past has molded the present.

In 1608, Samuel de Champlain established the first permanent French colony

in North America at Quebec, overlooking the St. Lawrence River. However, the first French involvement in what became known as "Acadia" happened four years earlier. Drawn by the spirit of adventure, the French found fish, furs, and fertile land in the region. The name "Acadia" or "La Caddy" was possibly derived from a Micmac word meaning "piece of land," and settlement soon followed exploration. The area became a constituent, albeit "fringe," part of New France. The present Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, as well as part of Maine, composed the quickly booming agrarian Acadia.

As New France grew and prospered, so did New England and the British colonies to the south. Inevitably, conflicting territorial claims led to war . . . and war . . . and war. The French were at a disadvantage because, with the exception of the agricultural Acadians, they had favored itinerant trading over settlement. New France largely remained a society geared toward commerce in furs, while the British Colonies became a "homeland" in their own right. The result was that the British settlers greatly outnumbered the French in North America, and they were motivated by a desire for land which exceeded the French desire for animal pelts. The French view, naturally, endeared them to most of the Indian tribes; but in four bloody conflicts, from 1689 until 1763, the French and their Indian allies were decisively defeated. During the second of these colonial wars, French Acadia was seized by the British, and their possession of the region was legitimized by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The Acadians remained on their farms and in their villages, tolerating Britain's rule. In general, the farmers and fishermen were content to adjust to new realities as long as their Catholic faith and their culture were not endangered. While willing to accept de facto British control, the Acadians were not willing to swear allegiance to the British monarch. In short, they would not disown their heritage.

What the French in North America would call the "War of the Conquest" and what the British settlers would refer

to as the "French and Indian War" began in 1754. The next year, the British insisted on a declaration of loyalty from the Acadians; when many refused, their property was confiscated and they were forced into exile. Families and friends were separated, villages were abandoned, fields and livestock were destroyed, homes were burned, and the long, dark night of the Acadian *diaspora* began. Approximately 6,000 men, women, and children were sent by ship to the British colonies of the Atlantic seaboard, and eventually some reached France. As a people, the Acadians endured and, after the Peace of Paris ended the war in 1763, journeyed in large numbers to Louisiana.

The Gulf Coast colony, the "Land of Louis," had been established by Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, in 1699, and New Orleans, founded in 1718, had become a potentially important port city. During the war, Spain had served as a faithful French ally and, in so doing, lost Florida to the British. To compensate Spain for Florida, France presented Louisiana to the Spanish Crown. The exiled Acadians, yearning for French rule once again, found themselves entering a newly designated Spanish colony. However, the culture, the language, and the administration of Louisiana remained overwhelmingly French.

The Acadians had little interest in New Orleans, for they longed for land and for the freedom of an agrarian society. In short order, they settled along Bayou Lafourche, Bayou Teche, and in the prairies to the west. During the years that followed, the Acadians became an integral part of the population of Louisiana: isolated and self-sufficient, they preserved their heritage and their traditions. As trappers, fishermen, small farmers, and planters, they thrived in their new home. By the 19th century, numerous Acadians were prominent in government and in the professions, and, in 1861, like virtually all Louisianans, they rallied to the Confederate cause. Also like their fellow Louisianans, they endured the brutality of Union invasion and postwar "Reconstruction."

Gradually, the word "Acadian" was abbreviated into "Cajun." In the 20th century, the Cajuns continued to survive

floods, hurricanes, and economic hardship on a grand scale. In the late 1940's, the arrival of the offshore oil industry brought them and South Louisiana genuine prosperity. For the first time, Cajuns found themselves in the driver's seat. The proud people of 18th-century exile became the proprietors of a new Louisiana legacy. At that point, however, leaders in the Cajun community realized that prosperity, "modernism," and the growth of paternalistic government could lead to the destruction of the very culture which had sustained their ancestors during years of sorrow and wandering. Successful efforts were made to preserve and promote the French language; connections to France and Belgium and to Acadian communities in Canada were strengthened; and emphasis on self-sufficiency was renewed. The Cajun of South Louisiana today is well aware that his children are in danger of entrapment by the current culture-without-culture that prevails in American society; he is aware of the danger inherent in the loss of tradition and heritage; and he knows that he must actively defend his own history.

We have now reached the point where reality meets myth. No, modern Louisiana Cajuns do not paddle *pirogues* down the bayou on a daily basis. No, Cajuns do not spend all of their spare time dancing Gallicized polkas to authentic folk music. No, Cajuns do not live exclusively on a diet of rice, seafood, and Tabasco sauce. No, not all Cajuns speak French. The Cajun is as sophisticated, well educated, and economically viable as any other Southerner, as any other American, in these years of the Pax Americana. Yet, the Cajun is different. Cajuns still take pride in their past. They want to maintain a sense of "uniqueness," and they believe their European heritage is a living, vital part of their existence. Cajun French is said to be close to pure 16th-century French, Cajun music is a lingering evocation of the reels and ballads of Brittany and Normandy, and Cajun food epitomizes that zest for flavor which characterizes the Franco-phone world. The Cajun is also different because he still feels the centuries-old bond to the Old World and revels in that historic connection. Traveling through South Louisiana, one will see towns and villages resembling communities in France and in Quebec. Parishes, not counties, divide Louisiana into local governmental units. Cathedrals and road-

side shrines are easily found. Festivals call attention to the French heritage, and the Acadian flag—bearing the *fleur de lis* of France and the castle of Spain—flies over schools, museums, and businesses. When speaking French, Cajuns frequently do not refer to themselves as "Cajuns" or as "Acadians" but simply as "French." Most importantly, Cajun culture survives and endures because of the family-based tradition of historical memory. The Cajuns know who they are and whence they came. The provincial motto of Quebec, ancient neighbor of Acadia, explains it all: *Je me souviens*—"I remember."

Roger L. Busbice is the president of the Louisiana Archives Foundation. He writes from Morgan City, Louisiana.

Creole Culture

by Ben C. Toledano

Though more reminiscent of the Middle Ages than of recent times, the marriage ceremony of General P.G.T. Beauregard's niece, Bertha Hall, the daughter of Angele Beauregard and Frederick Hall, took place in St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans only 100 years ago. According to a contemporary newspaper account, the "evening was a scene of much social splendour and religious dignity," and

united in the ties of marriage two of the most distinguished Creole families in Louisiana, whose names have been honored for many generations in family dignity, wealth and deeds of valor. . . . The most prominent people of American and Creole society were seated within the Cathedral to witness the marriage ceremony. . . . Within the sanctuary was a dense foliage of palms and ferns. The bridal pews were barriered with a rope of smilax entwined with white roses. Miss Escobal, the talented organist of the St. Louis Cathedral, played Goronden March as the bridal procession walked up the aisle, with the Suisse in gold-braided red uniform leading the way, swinging to and fro his baton of gold.

As the 12 ushers reached the altar, "They separated and formed a company of honor, through which the bride passed." At the altar steps, the groom

took the bride's hand, placed it within his arm, advanced towards the altar where Very Rev. Father Mignot, Father Scotti, Father Gireand and a circle of acolytes awaited to perform the religious service of marriage. Father Mignot delivered a nuptial sermon of tender thought and graceful words. He spoke of the honored names of the bride and groom, of their families' loyalty and efforts in propagating the Catholic faith in Louisiana, but above all the glory of virtue and honor that had ever haloed the family heritage of bride and groom. In terminating his sermon Father Mignot said: "My children, God bless you both in being well born. Let this blessing be your incentive to humility of heart, Christian charity and loyal allegiance to the Catholic church."

Doesn't it seem odd to read of the union of two "Creole families," witnessed by "prominent people of American and Creole societies"? It seems so to me when I read those phrases now, though there was a time when it seemed perfectly natural.

On my father's side, I am descended from the original French and Spanish settlers in New Orleans. The groom in the ceremony described above was Edouard Alphonse Toledano, my grandfather. Most of the information I have of the old city, prior to World War I, came from listening to stories, however embellished, told by people of my parents' and grandparents' generation. By the time I began to hear them, my father's family had sought and found, at least psychologically, some comfort in remembrances of things past.

The topics of conversation seemed normal at the time, though not now. Everything was highly personal in a rather formal and proper way. Madame So-and-So's "secret" nips of brandy, the "friendship" her husband the judge had towards a younger woman of questionable station, the cotton broker's gambling debts, the card games, the operas, the ancient family portraits, the furniture and silver which had not yet been delicately "transferred" into other hands.

Right was right . . . and also very clear. Money was never discussed, for to do so was the sure sign of poor breeding. In fact, money was dirty. That thought sustained them in their genteel poverty; that and who they thought themselves to be; and thus—in a way—they were.

Of special appeal to me was the story of that part of my family which did not allow mention of the Degas name in their home because, many years earlier, in 1879, Rene Degas, Edgar's brother, had divorced his blind wife of ten years, Estelle Musson, and left her and their four children and returned to France. As if that were not enough, Rene married Mrs. Leonce Olivier, *née* America Durrive, of New Orleans. Estelle changed her name back to Musson, and the Degas name became one of unhappy memory. As a show of support, the friends of the Mussons refused thereafter to utter the name Degas. What made the story so interesting was that Edgar Degas had painted several portraits of members of the family which refused to utter his name.

As best I can put the pieces together, the Creole families, once influential and prominent, lived in the Old Quarter until early in the 20th century. What they lacked in money, they made up in refinement, good manners, and a sense of Old World French culture. They were very Roman Catholic and very proud, which were not considered contradictory. My father's family spoke French in their home, although they had lived in America 200 years at the time. Their library was entirely in French. Theirs was a very small but elegant bit of France in America; they had thought it would last forever. In truth, it had ended with the Civil War; they just wouldn't accept the fact for another 50 years. By then, it was too late to do anything about where they would fit into the brash, bustling, mercantile society. For the most part, they wouldn't, because they couldn't, and still remain faithful to their ancestors and their traditions. Those who would survive in any kind of comfortable fashion had to make their peace with those they viewed as crude and crass American merchants and moneylenders. The rest fell out of touch. Even most of the lyrical old names are gone.

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Of course, such wedding events and all that they represented are no more. That last vestige of Old France in America has passed into the realm of memory, and the memory is faint.

In America, the more things change, the more things change, not only the times, but also the terms. One seemingly small example has to do with the term "Creole." For reasons which I do not understand, black people in New Orleans and their carpetbagger scholars/apologists have decided to expropriate the term and to give it a new meaning. No, it was not always that way.

Professor William A. Read, in *Louisiana-French*, published by Louisiana State University Press in 1931, defined "Creole" as "a white descendant of the French or Spanish settlers in Louisiana during the Colonial Period (1699-1803)." "Un nègre Creole" was defined as "a negro who speaks Negro-French, and who was born in the New World." According to Professor Read, "Creole" was "a seventeenth-century loan from Spanish *criollo*, a person of European descent born in some other part of the world than Europe."

In keeping with our present day "thought" patterns, one might ask if it really makes any difference. "So the term as originally applied during the Colonial Period in Louisiana meant a French-speaking white person of French or Spanish descent," he might say. "So now the blacks want the term to mean either a native-born negro or a negro whose ancestors include Europeans. So what's the problem?" If history itself can be rewritten to suit current tastes and prejudices, then why can't historical terms be taken and turned into whatever the expropriators wish? After all, this is a "free country," isn't it?

Well, one problem has to do with something as basic as communication. For example, if a white descendant of the 18th-century French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana is asked to write about his Creole ancestry, must he regret the invitation because the term is no longer applicable to his cultural background? Or, must he accept on the condition that he will have to substitute a term for Creole so as not to confuse the issue? Or is he obliged to give an explanation of how and why the meaning of the term has changed?

And how does one do research using original sources or even quite recent sources? Must he have a reader's guide

to the meaning of words and terms during certain periods of time? What are we to make of Lyle Saxon's 1938 description of colonial New Orleans?

During the French and Spanish regimes (1718-1803) New Orleans remained little more than a town, the population within the city wall never greatly exceeding five thousand. Except for officialdom and a small circle of aristocracy, which was augmented after the French Revolution by the coming of émigrés, the inhabitants consisted mainly of the bourgeoisie, soldiers, and the American frontiersmen, who came in increasing numbers after 1800. From the lowest to the highest social stratum in this community there was a very definite distinction assumed by the Creole element (descendants of the original French and Spanish settlers) of the population. Averse to all foreign intercourse but that with the mother countries, they maintained their social and cultural identity, regarding as unfortunate any increase in the foreign population of the city. So marked was this attitude that after American annexation resulted in an influx of Anglo-Saxons, the newcomers found it advisable to settle outside the confines of the Creole section. Ultimately surrounded by suburban foreigners, the Vieux Carre became a city within a city, in which Creole society maintained its own high social standards.

Only upon that small, fertile island within the larger, figurative island of Louisiana could the unique European culture which was New Orleans have flourished for two hundred years (1718-1918). Many of the wonderful old buildings remain, especially in the French Quarter, which, of course, is no longer French. Once grand homes and tasteful commercial quarters are now occupied by vendors of T-shirts, beer, and vulgar lingerie. The virility of those monuments in brick and stucco is now exceeded by the cultural sterility of those who occupy them and who walk beside them, half-naked, drunk, and singing dirty songs. *C'est la guerre*.

Ben C. Toledano writes from Pass Christian, Mississippi.

Living in French in the St. Lawrence Valley

by Sylvie Fortin

Our little house of wood, a century old, nestles in the countryside in the county of Lotbinière, somewhat to the south of the city of Quebec. There I live with my husband and our five children. Last fall, as my husband and I piled cords of wood in the cellar of our little house, I reckoned winters past in my mind. I tried to picture the long nights that were coming that would be shaken by the north winds—the ennui, a little sad from days without sun week after week, the coldness of the moon in the icy brilliance of the white countryside at night. And this winter has been more spectacular than I could ever have imagined. In January, Montreal was hit with an ice storm, and broke like a piece of crystal. For maybe a week, in the midst of ruin caused by the ice, the city bathed in cold Siberian darkness without electricity, without any modern amenities or comfort. But at last the spring arrives, and we have survived, like our little house of wood that creaks, moans, and trembles with each blast of wind, yet still remains standing.

In order to live in Quebec, you must get used to her ways and learn to live with winter. You must endure without becoming anxious, in quiet calmness and strength. And as a people, we have endured, and endured more, ever since the first days of New France.

The first of my ancestors in New France, Julien Fortin, was French and Catholic. A few years after Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec in 1608, Julien settled on l'Île d'Orleans not very far from where I now live. My family spread out along the St. Lawrence Valley with a few thousand others from overseas until the conquest, when our country was ceded to the King of England by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Every generation of children learns in school, with hearts a little hurt, how Quebec surrendered after a skirmish of about an hour. The English army had maneuvered against Quebec, and decimated the city with a two-month long bombardment. It was the end of September, and they would have had to lift siege in four or five weeks at most, un-

less they made a breakthrough. Otherwise, their warships would have become prisoners in the ice of the St. Lawrence River. General Montcalm may have underestimated the determination of those English troops; he certainly did not suspect the traitor among us who showed the invaders the path which they could use to climb Cap Diamant and reach the Plains of Abraham. A sortie too quick, our troops not well enough prepared, a battle fought as in Europe upon an open field—the results were disastrous for us.

We lost. Not many texts relate how, during the winter following the black September of 1759, the Ursuline sisters of Quebec sowed the socks of those English soldiers of the fallen General Wolfe—those English soldiers who suffered as much as we did from the want and misery caused by the Seven Years' War. From them, the English, we have enjoyed some gentleness, like the government under Lord Dufferin, an old Scot loyal to the memory of the "auld alliance" born of the marriage of Mary Stuart with Francis II, the young King of France. From them we have learned British parliamentary government, which is the origin of our modern democratic system in Quebec. And English businessmen invested their capital to build the foundation of our industrial infrastructure. But it is also true that the Catholic Church has looked after her little ones, like a hen watching her chicks, and you can see this in the names of our villages from the Atlantic to Ontario, from Lac St-Jean to the American frontier—St-Casimir, St-Gabriel, Ste-Clotilde de Horton, Ste-Anne de Beauré, and so on.

The English are like winter, not wanted, unloved, too close to us, but inevitable. We must endure in French against the enormous pressures of their language on all our frontiers.

As a child, I lived on St. Lawrence in Mortmagny, a little town on the south shore. I splashed in the thick mud and high weeds of the river, as in the adventures of Tom Sawyer along the Mississippi. We watched the boats moor at the dock and transport necessary wares for the inhabitants on l'Île aux Grues.

Right in front of us, in the middle of the river, was la Grosse Île. It was a mysterious island, and we were forbidden even to approach. We heard terrible stories about it. There were supposed to have been chemical experiments there.

A great metal ship, painted white, was sent there under charter, with sailors who never spoke with us, and hardly ever even looked at us. The island belonged to the federal government—to *them*. Our parents told us that thousands of Irish immigrants who had become ill were quarantined there when they arrived in the New World. Very few of the Irish from la Grosse Île ever lived long after they were sent to the hospitals on the island, and I could never appreciate as a child that the bones of thousands of Irish were buried there.

Yet here in the county of Lotbinière, where I live, the descendants of these Irish are everywhere. You can see the bright Irish locks of hair in the friends of our children. You can hear it in their family names—Ward, Moore, and so on—but they speak French like us, with the same accent as our own. These Irish founded some villages, after ours were founded, in places a little further from the banks of the river. On the road after Ste-Agathe is the village of Inverness—well, maybe these Irish, like the Irish branch of my husband's family, originated in Scotland. Like us, they are Catholic, they pray under the portrait of the Pope, with the same devotion as we have. They live with us in peace, they have become French like us.

But in the beginning, these Irish were "*anglais*." In my youth, the word "*anglais*" bathed in the confusion of similarities. I never imagined that among Anglo-Saxon peoples there were differences as numerous as the stars in the sky. Only the Americans were different from the rest of the "*anglais*," in our view of the world. Sometimes we say here with nostalgia (my husband says we are naive) that we should have been conquered by the United States rather than the English. After all, the Americans invited us to join them in the 11th Article of their old Confederation, and they have no prejudices against us, even though they think it is a little odd that we should want to secede from Canada. I know this much well, because my husband is an American, and I have lived in his country, where four of our children were born.

We called our first child Gabriel, and our second (as one of her given names) Evangeline, because my husband likes the poem by Longfellow which tells of the removal of the Acadians by George III. Gabriel died in Quebec during a short stay of three years we had here. I

The Politics of Illegitimacy Rates

by Joseph E. Fallon

am not at all sentimental by temperament, yet I cannot avoid the tears when my husband reads to our children in English the last verses of Longfellow's poem, the part where the lovers are finally, after years and years, united.

The blindness of the English in Canada, who complain of the cost of governing the country in French and English without ever noticing the international prestige it attracts, is a root cause of our bitterness against them. Once more, in 1982, the English in Canada imposed upon us a constitution which we never wanted. In vain did Rene Levesque protest to the premiers of the nine English-speaking provinces. Levesque knew English, of course, because during World War II he had enlisted in the U.S. Army to avoid surrendering his right, as a Canadian, to speak French. He preferred to enrich his life elsewhere with a foreign language than to allow a foreign language to be imposed on his own country.

Living in French among us is like bringing the old soil of France here to this hostile climate. Quebec is a fragile country. The Catholic Church knows it, and has always known it. The most recent effort of the federal government to make us knuckle under is a reference to the supreme court debate on whether the constitution of Canada gives Quebec the right to secede. The government of Quebec has refused even to appear before the court, and we are consequently defended by a friend of the court named by the court. But Jean-Claude Turcotte, Cardinal-Archbishop of Montreal, has spoken the truth of the matter about which we are more determined than ever. No matter what the judges say, the people of Quebec will decide the future of Quebec, not the supreme court of Canada.

Looking out from the windows of our little house, I see a countryside frozen for eternity in great white waves of snow. For our children, winter is not an obstacle to playing outside, only an opportunity to enlarge their field of play. When they arrived in the St. Lawrence Valley, they had to learn French again. They live now as if they were born here, in peace and outside any shadow of worry about their future.

Sylvie Fortin is a member of the Quebec Bar. The original text in French was translated by her husband, an American lawyer and legal historian.

Since the early 1960's, compiling statistics on illegitimacy rates in the United States has been the official responsibility of the National Center for Health Statistics. However, the methodology employed by that federal agency to determine illegitimacy rates according to race has been inaccurate, classifying virtually all illegitimate Hispanic births as illegitimate "white" births. The result is an official illegitimacy rate for "whites" which has been deliberately inflated. Since most people assume "white" is a synonym for "European-American," the illegitimacy rate statistics—like FBI hate crime statistics which classify most, if not all, Hispanic perpetrators of hate crimes as "white"—officially promote a false and biased view against European-Americans, their culture, and their morals.

This flawed methodology stems from how the federal government treats Hispanics. According to Public Law 94-311 of 1976 and Office of Management and Budget Directive No. 15 of 1977, Hispanics constitute a separate "ethnic" category and can be of any race. When it comes to identifying Hispanics according to a specific race, however, the federal government classifies most as "white."

Prior to 1980, separate illegitimacy rates for Hispanics were not recorded by either the National Center for Health Statistics or any state government. This lack of interest in such a vital statistic was remarkable for three reasons.

First, federal authorities were already collecting other related data on Hispanics. In 1976, various Hispanic organizations, including the American G.I. Forum, the Latin American Manufacturing Association, the League of United Latin American Citizens, the National Congress of Hispanic American Citizens, the National Council of La Raza, and SER, lobbied for passage of Public Law 94-311. This law mandated "a Government-wide program for the collec-

tion, analysis, and publication of data with respect to Americans of Spanish origin or descent" that would indicate their "social, health, and economic condition."

Second, contrary to the repeated assertions of political and church "leaders" that Hispanic immigrants are an asset because they come from countries which respect family values, Hispanic countries have some of the highest rates of illegitimate births in the world. According to the most recent statistics available (the United Nations *Demographic Yearbook*, 1975 and 1986; and 1990 data from the Statistical Division of the United Nations' Secretariat), the illegitimacy rate (the percentage of births to unmarried women) in the Dominican Republic is 67 percent; El Salvador, 67 percent; Guatemala, 65 percent; Mexico, 28 percent (tabulated by date of registration rather than occurrence); Panama, 75 percent; Peru, 47 percent; and Venezuela, 54 percent.

And third, the size of the Hispanic population in the United States was dramatically increasing as a result of the 1965 immigration act and subsequent legislation which encouraged large-scale Hispanic immigration. Between 1961 and 1980, of the nearly eight million immigrants who were admitted to the United States, more than two and a half million came from Latin America (the 18 Spanish-speaking states and Brazil). This represented 33 percent of all legal immigration for those two decades.

As a result of these massive levels of immigration, the Hispanic population in the United States skyrocketed from approximately three and a half million (concentrated in the Southwest)—less than two percent of the total population—to nearly 15 million (nationwide), which is more than six percent of the total population. Even taking into consideration an undercount in the 1960 census, and changing definitions between the 1960 and 1980 censuses, that was an increase of over 300 percent.

During those two decades (1960-1980), while local, state, and federal authorities were recognizing Hispanics as a distinct "minority" group eligible for affirmative action programs, the same authorities were apparently registering most, if not all, illegitimate Hispanic births solely as illegitimate "white" births. Even when 22 states between 1980 and 1991 began to document Hispanic illegitimacy rates for their respec-

tive states, the National Center for Health Statistics still did not compile any corresponding national statistics.

During those 11 years, Hispanic immigration continued unabated. Between 1981 and 1992, of the more than ten million immigrants who were admitted to the United States, over four and a half million came from Latin America. These included both legal immigrants and illegal aliens granted amnesty under the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act, which took effect in 1989. This number represented 45 percent of all legal immigration during those years. By 1990, the Hispanic population already totaled more than 22 million, an increase of 53 percent in ten years, and represented nine percent of the United States population.

That the National Center for Health Statistics did not compile illegitimacy rate statistics on the exploding Hispanic population prior to 1992 was even more surprising given the findings of the Fertility and Family Statistics Branch of the Census Bureau: the fertility rate for Hispanic immigrants was nearly twice as high as that of native-born Americans. Two significant demographic results of this high fertility rate were reported by the Census Bureau: 40 percent of Hispanics were under 20 years of age, compared to 28 percent of non-Hispanics (an umbrella term encompassing all Asian-, African-, and European-Americans); and 23 percent of Hispanic families were headed by a female with no husband present, compared to 16 percent of non-Hispanic families.

In 1994, while the Fertility and Family Statistics Branch of the Census Bureau still did not establish separate categories for "non-Hispanic whites" and "non-Hispanic white immigrants," it did add three new ones: "Hispanic immigrants," "total Hispanics" (includes immigrants and native-born), and "non-Hispanic immigrants." These new categories revealed a greater difference in fertility rates between Hispanics and non-Hispanics than had been estimated in the 1980's. The fertility rate per thousand women aged 15 to 44 was 120.8 for "Hispanic immigrants" but 65.6 for "non-Hispanic immigrants," and 99.2 for "total Hispanics" but 61.5 for "native-born" (which includes both Hispanics and non-Hispanics).

The National Center for Health Statistics finally began to compile statistics on both Hispanic and "non-Hispanic

white" illegitimacy rates in 1992. They appear in its annual *Advance Report of Final Natality Statistics*. But, a fundamental problem remains. The statistic for "non-Hispanic whites" appears only in one table (Table 11) at the end of these reports. The text, which is what most of the media cite, provides only illegitimacy rates for "whites," "blacks," and "Hispanics." The public erroneously assumes the official statistics for "white" and "Hispanic" illegitimacy rates are mutually exclusive, but they are not. To determine the annual illegitimacy rate for "whites," the National Center for Health Statistics counts over 90 percent of all Hispanic women who gave birth during that year a second time—as "white." And 40 percent of all Hispanic births are illegitimate.

This practice inflates the official illegitimacy rate for "whites" by approximately 20 percent. In 1992, while the illegitimacy rate for "whites" was 22.6 percent, it was really 18.5 percent for "non-Hispanic whites." In 1993, the rates were 23.6 percent and 19.5 percent, respectively. In 1994, they were 25.4 percent and 20.8 percent, respectively. For 1995, the most recent year for which statistics are available, the illegitimacy rates were 25.3 percent for "whites" and 21.2 percent for "non-Hispanic whites."

The decline in the "white" illegitimacy rate for 1995 was due to a technical change adopted that year by California for recording Hispanic births. Since in Hispanic culture a hyphenated last name is assumed to denote married parents, California now classifies a Hispanic mother as "married" if she has given her child a double surname (her own and the father's), either entire surnames or portions thereof, and regardless of sequence. This method of identifying the marital status of a Hispanic mother may not be very reliable, however, since the National Center for Health Statistics notes the "high incidence" of unmarried Hispanic couples living together. Therefore, the Hispanic illegitimacy rate is now most likely being officially undercounted in California.

Changing the method of reporting the marital status of Hispanic mothers produced a statistical decline in the overall illegitimacy rate in California from 36 percent in 1994 to 32 percent in 1995. Since nearly 40 percent of all Hispanic births in the United States are to residents of California, this local change had an impact on national statistics.

The release in 1992 of the first statistics on the illegitimacy rate of Hispanics showed 39 percent of all Hispanic births were illegitimate. This rate increased consistently over the next two years. In 1993, it was 40 percent; and in 1994, it was 43 percent. By introducing this new method of determining the marital status of Hispanic mothers in California, the illegitimate birth rate for Hispanics nationwide was statistically reduced by over two percent.

Even with the change in reporting procedures and the resulting statistical "decline" in illegitimate births to Hispanic mothers, however, the Hispanic illegitimacy rate in 1995 was still over 40 percent and still higher than the rates for 1992 and 1993. When the "Hispanic" category is broken down by recognized subgroups, the illegitimacy rates in 1995 were: Mexican, 38 percent; Cuban, 24 percent; Puerto Rican, 60 percent; Central and South American, 44 percent; and other Hispanics, 44 percent. With the exception of "Central and South American," which declined slightly from 45.2 percent in 1993 to 44.1 percent in 1995, all other rates were higher than they were in 1992 and 1993. These statistics refute the claim of Hispanic political and church leaders that the Hispanic community and its recognized subgroups are among the leading practitioners of "family values" in the United States.

If the United States government is ever going to produce accurate demographic statistics on illegitimacy rates or anything else, it must deal with the problems outlined above. As things stand now, the politics of illegitimacy rate statistics serve only one purpose—to advance the ongoing efforts of the promoters of multiculturalism, bilingualism, and Third World immigration to dispossess European-Americans of their country and culture.

Joseph E. Fallon, who writes from Rye, New York, is co-editor of the seven-volume series, German-Americans in the World Wars (K.G. Saur, Munich).

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Hillary's Dirty Little Secret About Health Care Reform

by Katherine Dalton

Ira C. Magaziner, the Rhode Island business consultant turned senior White House advisor to President Clinton, has been in the news again recently as the administration's Internet man—defending Mr. Clinton's view that the Web doesn't need government policing. But Mr. Magaziner is best known as the aide in charge of the effort to create a national health care system five years ago. It was Mr. Magaziner who assembled the hundreds of people who met behind closed doors to help President and Mrs. Clinton write a national health care bill in 1993 and 1994.

Today that failure is remembered mostly as an embarrassment for the Clintons and the source of a legal judgment on the status of the First Lady—that she is the functional equivalent of a federal employee. But to Kent Masterson Brown, the Danville, Kentucky, lawyer hired to sue the White House to open up the secret health care meetings, the most interesting aspect of the case was the role of some large foundations—the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, in particular—which acted behind the scenes to shape the Clintons' reform efforts. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent and continue to be spent, he said, to bring national health care and a single-payer system to the United States—and not always through open debate in state or national legislatures, but in more roundabout and less visible ways.

* * *

If Franklin Delano Roosevelt could marshal in the New Deal in a hundred days, surely the Clinton administration could revolutionize health care at the same forced march—or so Mr. Clinton thought, when in January 1993 he established the President's Task Force on National Health Care Reform. His stated goal was to introduce, pass, and implement national health care legislation by May of that year.

With Eleanor Roosevelt perhaps also in mind, Mr. Clinton named his wife to lead the 12-member task force, which was otherwise made up of cabinet members and other high-level federal employ-

ees. Putting his wife in an executive role was not the only controversial part of the President's plan. From the beginning, the Clintons decided that the work of drafting the proposed health care reform bill would be done in secret.

The press reported that this work was being done not just by Mrs. Clinton's small task force, whose members were known, but by an uncounted number of working groups, made up of hundreds of people the White House refused to name. The secrecy was necessary, said then-White House communications director George Stephanopoulos, because without it these people "would become subject to lobbying, to enormous pressure, and would not be able to do the work they have to do in a short period of time."

On February 28, a doctors' group and two public policy organizations filed a lawsuit in U.S. District Court in Washington to open these meetings to the public. On behalf of the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons of Tucson (AAPS), the National Legal and Policy Center of D.C., and the American Council for Health Care Reform, also of D.C., a team led by Kent Masterson Brown asked that both the task force meetings and working group meetings be made public under the Federal Advisory Committee Act of 1972 (FACA) and related statutes. Under FACA, a committee's meetings must be open to the public if they meet two criteria: people who are not federal employees sit on the committee, and the committee's purpose is to make recommendations to the President or a principal secretary. Mr. Brown's argument was that both criteria were met: that the President had expressly formed the task force and working groups to make a recommendation, and that Mrs. Clinton, who became First Lady through marriage, was not a full-time officer or employee of the government.

During the first round of the case, argued on March 5, 1993, before Judge Royce Lamberth, the Justice Department maintained Mrs. Clinton was the equivalent of a federal employee. Furthermore, Ira Magaziner swore an affidavit that all of the many unnamed people participating in the working groups were federal employees. This was important, because if they were government employees, then the meetings did not fall under FACA's jurisdiction and could stay closed.

Basing his decision on Mr. Magazin-

er's affidavit, Judge Lamberth agreed that the working group meetings could be private (since only "federal employees" were included). He also found that Mrs. Clinton was a private person and not a federal equivalent—and that's what made headlines. The decision did not stand long, however. The White House quickly appealed it, and a three-member appeals court neatly reversed Lamberth in June 1993. Mrs. Clinton, it said, was indeed a "de facto officer or employee" of the federal government, so the 12-member task force meetings could stay closed.

The working groups were another question, however. Press reports about hundreds of people drafting a bill in the dark cast doubt on Mr. Magaziner's affidavit, and so the three judges ordered that Mr. Brown and his clients should be able to use discovery to investigate whether these groups were indeed made up of only federal employees. It took another ruling for Mr. Brown to get his documents; in November 1993, Judge Lamberth found the White House in contempt and ordered it to produce the required papers.

As Mr. Brown explained in an interview, these papers showed that about 1500 people had been involved in these working groups. (The government says only 630 people were involved.) Each "cluster," said Mr. Brown, had "multiple working groups, all of which had names and numbers. These people would meet regularly in those working groups, and then Magaziner would set up 'tollgates' for all of them to come to Washington to meet as an entire interdepartmental working group.

"We were then able to identify from those records things about every one of those people. We found of the 1500, well over half were private people, not federal employees at all, either full-time or special government employees—they received no pay, nothing. They may have received some travel but we couldn't tell because we weren't given enough records. We were never able to discern how their travel was paid. Some had reimbursement forms but most we got nothing on. We got very few conflict of interest forms. The ones we did get, most of them appeared to be back-dated, most were incomplete, [filled out] probably [within] a month or two of the request; dates were whited out, they were phony."

Though the working groups had dis-

banded in May 1993, the lawsuit moved forward. Believing they had evidence that Mr. Magaziner's affidavit was false, Mr. Brown and his clients prepared a motion for summary judgment in March 1994. At that hearing, Judge Lamberth granted neither side's motion but instead set the case for trial in September 1994. Mr. Brown demanded certain documents he hadn't yet received, and stated plans to call both Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Magaziner to the witness stand.

Perhaps this had an effect on the White House, because by August the two sides were discussing a settlement. For 13 days they worked on an agreement, and then Mr. Brown's clients decided they would not settle. Consequently, he withdrew as attorney on the case. (The doctors' group AAPS pursued—unsuccessfully—a perjury charge against Mr. Magaziner. Then-U.S. Attorney for D.C. Eric Holder cleared him in 1995.)

The day he withdrew, Mr. Brown said, the White House released to the National Archives millions of documents related to the task force—effectively making the case moot. In late September, Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell of Maine announced that Congress would abandon health care legislation for the rest of the year—and the Clintons' bill was dead.

* * *

Health care reform, however, remains an issue—partly due to the influence of certain not-for-profit foundations. In researching the hundreds of individuals who were members of Mrs. Clinton's working groups, Mr. Brown discovered something peculiar: most of these people had a strong tie to one of three foundations. "The vast bulk of them were closely tied either as program directors, officials, grantees or contractors to the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation of Princeton, New Jersey, or to the Pew Charitable Trust in Philadelphia, or the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation of California. The latter two were secondary to Robert Wood Johnson," he said. This foundation was formed in 1972 with \$1 billion worth of Johnson & Johnson stock left by the company's former chairman and CEO. An independent Republican who hated bureaucracy and advocated a higher minimum wage, Gen. Johnson left a will creating what was from the start one of the largest foundations in the country.

The Robert Wood Johnson Founda-

tion publicly supported the Clinton task force in a few ways, most notably by funding a June 21, 1994, two-hour health care debate special on NBC, which featured Mrs. Clinton. (The foundation spent \$1.5 million on the broadcast time, and another million to promote and advertise the special.) Its less-public support was uncovered by lawyer Genevieve Young, who found the connections between the individuals in the working groups and the foundation by checking through annual reports and other records. For example, listed among the working group members were several congressional fellows, who sat on the staff of senators Kennedy, Bumpers, Bradley, and Rockefeller. Oddly, however, Mr. Brown and his team couldn't find these people on the federal payroll.

Ms. Young found them in foundation records instead. Going through the Robert Wood Johnson files, she came across a brochure for the foundation's Health Policy Fellowships. In this program, the foundation (working through a sponsoring university) pays for an individual to sit on the staff of a legislator or member of the executive branch and assist in the development of policy. For that, Johnson pays a stipend of up to \$50,000 a year, plus moving expenses and fringe benefits. The program continues today.

"Now began the search for all these other names, where they come from, where they have a relationship," Mr. Brown said. "It was totally clear that of the hundreds in the working groups, half were private individuals, and that they had connections with [the Johnson] foundation either as program directors, officials, or by serving on boards of agencies that the foundation creates such as Alpha Center for Health Planning in Washington.

"Others were contractors. We found huge numbers of people from grantee institutions, universities that have programs underwritten by the foundation. Judith Feder, one of the 12-member task force [and who had headed Clinton's health care transition team], was a grant investigator for the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and in fact was serving in that capacity at the time she was in the White House. Even Hillary Clinton—we found out she was a program director for a rural health initiative for the foundation in the 1980's."

For other clients Mr. Brown has stud-

ied the Johnson Foundation's involvement in state health reform, both in Kentucky, which passed health care reform legislation in 1994, and in Pennsylvania. Mr. Brown was surprised that states would take grant money tied to major policy changes. "Health reform in Kentucky got a \$399,000 grant from Robert Wood Johnson. That paid \$40,000 for one health policy board member's salary. It paid \$40,000 to the salary of the executive director. It paid the salaries or portions of salaries of six policy analysts on the health board, and there was \$50,000 left over to pay contractors. The foundation reserved to itself the right to determine employment of everyone on the health policy board. They were selected after their résumés were run by the foundation for its approval. These are state employees. Doesn't that bother somebody?"

Mr. Brown was hired by the State Legislature in Pennsylvania because, he says, "their Medicaid budget was going out of control. We found there what the foundation tried to do is go through the public schools to get school clinics, turn them into health resource centers, and then try to get all the children in the schools to have their services rendered and paid for by Medicaid—whether they were eligible for Medicaid or not. Governor Robert P. Casey, we found, had written to every school district superintendent saying 'Look, if you go along with this we can get you \$4,000 per child per year in reimbursement,' and these people are biting on this thinking it's money for them—not counting the fact that it's money out of the state treasury as well."

The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation has the influence it does because it is (in its own words) "one of the world's largest private philanthropies," with assets of \$5.6 billion. In 1996, the foundation spent \$267 million in grants and contracts, and it expects to be giving away \$360 to \$400 million annually by 2000. Those of us who assume our states operate on tax money alone should note that Robert Wood Johnson made around 35 grants to various state and local governments in 1996.

"This case is remarkable in what it showed me is happening in this country," Mr. Brown said. "I used to think, where does the government come up with these crazy ideas—statutes or regs or whatever? And I know now. It's something that's well-financed, plenty of peo-

ple have earned a lot of money contracting to develop this thing, and then through that same money source they run it through the government. And when you have that kind of resource behind you"—\$5.6 billion—"you can buy your way into a lot of places."

Katherine Dalton writes from Henry County, Kentucky. This article is based on a 1997 interview with Kent Masterson Brown.

GUNS

Distaff Defense

by Heather E. Barry

The Second Amendment of the Constitution reads "a well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." This amendment meant very little to me growing up in a small town on Long Island. I thought the right to bear arms meant that people in the "old-

LIBERAL ARTS

MAYBE YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING, TED

"I really believe that there are huge forces arrayed against us. The forces of ignorance, lack of education and prejudice and hatred and fear. The forces of darkness in general. . . .

"How can we not win? We're smarter than they are. . . .

"I'll put my money on the smart people against the dummies. If the smart can't beat the dumbs, we're really not that smart, are we?"

—Ted Turner, accepting the Leadership Award from Zero Population Growth, quoted in the Population Research Institute Review (January/February 1998)

en days" had the right to hunt for food to feed their families. Then three years ago, while attending Pepperdine University, I heard a professor, Roger McGrath, speak about the Second Amendment in a very different way. After class, I told Dr. McGrath that I was curious about how he came to his understanding of the Second Amendment. Delighted that he inspired one of his students, he provided me with a brief bibliography of books and articles and sent me to find out for myself why the Second Amendment is an essential part of the Bill of Rights.

After extensive reading, I soon realized that the Second Amendment is not an antiquated right pertaining solely to hunting on the frontier. The first hard lesson I learned made it clear that the Bill of Rights does not give people rights. The first ten amendments protect the rights that the people already have—their inalienable rights—from infringement by the federal government. The Second Amendment states only that the government cannot violate the right to keep and bear arms. For the Founding Fathers the principal purpose of the Second Amendment was to guard against the development of tyrannical government. Additionally, the right to bear arms is also needed for personal protection against criminal activity.

I am a single 23-year-old graduate student, and the right to own a firearm is essential for my self-defense. While growing up, I always had my father at home to protect me—and I felt safe. However, when I went away to college, I soon realized that if I did not want to be easy prey for some mugger or rapist, I had to learn to protect myself. Although I am an athlete and quite physically fit, I am not capable of overpowering most males. Having run track, I used to cling to the naive belief that I could outrun an attacker. However, losing a few races against several of my male friends who were not regular runners enlightened me. Men and women are different: the average female cannot outrun the average male.

Once I decided that owning a gun was the only way to protect myself effectively, I realized that I knew nothing about guns, let alone how to shoot them. Moreover, I was afraid of them. Then, I heard about a woman, Paxton Quigley, who taught self-defense and gun-safety classes to women. I immediately signed up and attended. I found women at these classes who had a similar fear of guns but who also knew the importance

of self-protection. I soon became aware that a gun is a useful but dangerous tool that should be respected but not feared.

After I realized the importance of the Second Amendment, I began discussing my findings with classmates and professors. Their responses ranged from ignorance about the Second Amendment to thinking that I was part of some militia group. Not many of them allowed me to explain my position.

Several of my peers said I was wrong to believe that I needed to protect myself with a gun because the police would protect me. Unfortunately, the police cannot be at every street corner, parking garage, and house to provide protection for every individual. Even if the police are called in an emergency, it usually takes 15 to 20 minutes for them to arrive at the scene, which is long enough for the attacker to commit his crime and take off.

A few people suggested that I use "less offensive" weapons, such as a knife, pepper spray, or even karate. However, these weapons are often more dangerous to the victim. A knife is a weapon that requires close contact, and this creates the potential for a bigger and stronger attacker to take the knife away and to use it on his victim. Pepper spray is also a close-contact weapon that often only aggravates the attacker and makes him more vicious. Karate is the ultimate close-contact weapon and, like all martial arts, requires years of hard training. In the end, none of these weapons is as effective as a gun.

For an average female like me, a gun provides the best defense. A gun is an equalizer between large and small, strong and weak, men and women. I have an inalienable right to self-defense, and without this right, I cannot consider myself a free person. Even though I have never been attacked and hope that I never am, I will be prepared. I have often been told that chances are, even if I have a gun when attacked, I will not be able to use it or that the gun may be used against me. However, studies indicate that just the opposite is the case, that those who are armed and fight back suffer less severe injuries or are less likely to be killed than those who do not defend themselves. I have made my choice. I shall not weakly submit.

Heather E. Barry is a doctoral candidate in history at the State University of New York, Stony Brook.

The Hundredth Meridian

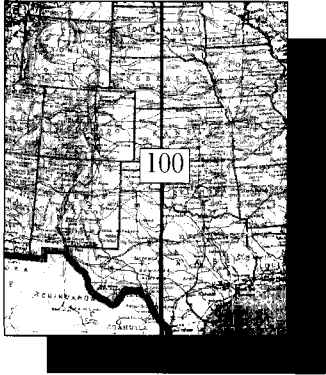
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Christmas in July

The crickets which stopped singing at Thanksgiving have come inside at last, along with the spiders and an occasional skink. The leaves dropped from the pecan trees around the beginning of December, and crews are at work in the orchards beside the Rio Grande gathering the nuts. The bermuda grass is brown in the backyard, and my heating bill soared to 54 dollars this month. The New Mexicans react to 45 degree highs by wrapping up protectively like Arctic explorers or going nearly naked in defiance of the cold, while over at the country club the Anglo immigrants from El Norte congratulate themselves on having discovered the perfect climate. It must be winter in New Mexico after all. You could have fooled me.

The rains that inundated the lower Rio Grande Valley turned to snow over eastern New Mexico. Immobilized amid eight-foot drifts the sheep and cattle slowly starved while the ranchers, snowbound in their houses, were unable to reach them. National Guard troops organized a rescue operation that for nearly two weeks airlifted five-ton hay bales in C-130 transport planes and dropped them from a height of 300 feet to burst on impact, scattering hay behind the fleeing animals.

I threw the cross-country skis in the bed of the pickup truck and drove east one morning, across the Tularosa cactus flats to Alamogordo and from Alamogordo up to the town of Cloudcroft in the Sacramento Mountains in search of what could fairly be described in accordance with the truth-in-advertising laws as winter. In Cloudcroft the inner-tube rental outfits were doing a land-office business, and ice-skaters stood in line to get on a flooded depression in the ground slightly smaller than an Olympic-sized pool. A two-foot accumulation of snow with the consistency of wet plaster covered the northern aspects of the mountains, but the east- and south-facing slopes were nearly bare. The last best hope for winter lay farther east in the region lately declared a disas-



ter area by President Clinton. It seemed like a long way to drive to go skiing, but the Texans have been doing it since they quit being Texans and began looking for mountains to conquer.

Mañana as a way of life works no better for Anglos like me than it does for anybody else. Here in the Southwest a prudent man seizes on a cold day as unthinkingly as, in the Northwest, he takes advantage of a hot one. The long eastern slope of the Sacramentos was lovely, but most of the snow had melted out long ago. I kept driving east anyway, following the Rio Peñasco down from the piney forests into the piñon and juniper hills where the upward sweep of the High Plains breaks at last like a great wave crashing. The river ran full and the meadows beside it were flushed with the green of early spring, in spite of the dim winter light and the low-traveling sun. Wild turkeys strutted in the fields, and where the valley widened below Mayhill strangely familiar trees grew in rows above the floodplain: apple orchards set out in the southern extremity of the Rocky Mountains, a shocking juxtaposition of Johnny Appleseed with Billy the Kid. At the summit of a prairie swale a few miles beyond Elk, New Mexico, I sat overlooking the vast yellow plain stretching in undulating folds of mud to the Texas border. Conceding defeat at last I drove into the mountains again and returned to Cloudcroft by an alternate route. The wet snowdrifts reappeared as the elevation increased, and with the approach of evening the deer began to cross, sleek and healthy-looking from the easy winter. At the lodge at Cloudcroft, high above the town amid tall pines and piles of the slumping snow, I had a

scotch-and-soda on the enclosed porch overlooking the Tularosa desert 5,000 feet below. A spreading luminescence on the desert floor inspired the brief, unguarded hope every desert mirage raises. The White Sands, of course. There's always early retirement in Havre, Montana, to look forward to.

No one, I discovered the next morning, had raked the leaves in my absence. Since southern New Mexico, so far as I had been able to tell, is lacking a fall as well as a winter, I hadn't bothered raking leaves. At home in Wyoming I was always too busy hunting to rake, and by the time hunting season ended whatever leaves had fallen during the previous months were covered by two or three feet of snow. In Las Cruces, it seemed, I couldn't rely on snow to solve the leaf problem, so I looked to the wind instead. With any luck at all the spring winds, if not the winter ones, would blow all the leaves, and the branches and twigs with them, into the Organ Mountains together with the trash lying along Highway 70. The sensible thing was to forget about raking leaves and take a horse into the Doña Ana Mountains instead, while they were still in a comfortable deep freeze and before the arrival of spring and the related dangers of sunstroke, skin cancer, and smotheration.

In Doña Ana the turned chili and cotton fields warmed under the mild mid-winter sun. Most of the horses at Mike Cisneros's stables were gone from their pens for roping practice, and Mike was loading his own tall bay roper for the ride over to the arena. Overfed and underexercised, hot from too much protein, the gelding evaded me briefly, ducking and running the fence, before I could get the halter on him. His coat and the mare's, which had started to lengthen late in September, had grown out half way before unseasonable weather aborted the process. Now, instead of resembling yaks, they looked merely motley, the tufts of chin hair giving them a goatish appearance. I loaded the horse into the trailer and drove north of Doña Ana, under Interstate 25, and up an arroyo coming down from the mountains. When

the trail gave out at last we left the rig in the wash and continued horseback into the hills.

Brown and tentlike, grouped in a vaguely circular formation, the Doña Ana Mountains arose from the desert like an Indian camp. The ground was stony underfoot, and I let the barefoot horse find his own way, so long as it was uphill, over the steep hillocks rising by degrees to the pass. We climbed from the creosote desert above the river through climatic zones signaled by varying types of cacti, beneath crags and parapets of pink conglomerate rock. I drew the revolver I wore under my jacket and spun the cylinder to check the loads.

"If you smell mountain lion, scream," I told the horse.

It was very still going into the mountains. The horse stepped almost silently after we left the rocky trail and struck out across country over sand and gravel, picking his way among the prickly pear, barrel cactus, agave, yucca, and the leafless mesquite. Nothing moved on the hills, or down in the gravelly washes among the wami and scrub oak. According to Mike Cisneros there were deer in the Doña Anas once, but they were poached out years ago. The lions too are gone, departed east to the San Andres or across the river into the wilder and rougher Robleros. If a gun is of any use at all in here it will be in self-defense against feral members of my own species. The faint lemon-colored sun, the pale sky behind a tarnish of high ice crystals, the barren, pinkish-brown mountains, bladed and sharp, eroding fast but not nearly so rapidly as the surrounding human civilization: there was beauty here of a cold twilight kind, the starkness of nature in retreat from an enemy which for reasons of inconvenience, inutility, and diffidence had chosen not to pursue. The beauty, that is, of much of the beleaguered Southwest today. The city of Las Cruces, though clearly visible at a distance of only a few miles behind, was an absent presence on the scene as the mountains themselves, rising ahead, were a present absence, making us unwilling witnesses to an uncertain future.

"What do you think?" I asked the horse.

I don't think.

"We've been here six months now. That's already half a year."

A year is an arbitrary measurement of time.

"It is when it doesn't have a winter."

Approaching the pass I let him have his head and we ascended the final rise of ground at a lope.

"Moving to New Mexico was an experiment, you know."

For us it was three days in a hot horse trailer.

"You like it down here?"

Why not? The climate's perfect.

"But you're a native Montanan."

And one of these days I'll be a New Mexican senior citizen. The West is the West, after all.

From the pass we stood looking away between the peaks to the brown runneled wall of the San Andres Mountains.

"There's no snow east of here, either. I went looking yesterday. All the way to Elk, New Mexico."

I've had snow enough to last me a lifetime.

"That's only 30 years for a horse."

The trouble with human beings is, for them the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

"You're quite a philosopher. I wasn't aware of the fact until now. Maybe I ought to make you a consul—you know, President."

I'd be a big improvement over the horse's ass you folks have in there now.

I dismounted and went around him, lifting each hoof in turn to remove the long red cactus thorns from the fetlocks.

"So you think you could be happy in New Mexico?" I asked when I had got up in the saddle again.

A person is able to be happy anywhere. Or ought to be.

"You think this could ever really be our country?"

Any country can be yours if you make it that way.

"That's easy for you to say. You don't need to learn Spanish."

Get the cuss words down first. We're learning already from Cisneros.

"Okay," I said, "you win. For now, anyway."

The sun dropped behind the mountains, and the basin filled with the blue afternoon shadow. Birds twittered from the junipers and tree yuccas growing high on the cliffs, and isolated patches of old snow showed white in the shaded places. I sat the horse for a while, enjoying the bird calls and the windless solitude. Then I turned his head and we started downhill from the pass toward the distant river. As evening fell the secret life of the desert began to emerge from its

hiding places. We saw jackrabbits and a covey of quail going for water to a spring rising amid house-sized boulders covered with a green lichen. Sighting us the birds fled bobbing with spread wings into the brush and broken rock surrounding the boulders. The western sky separated into bars of orange, turquoise, and green, and the lights of the city rippled in waves across the haze of gasoline fumes and the smoke of brush fires burning on the far side of the Rio Grande. We arrived at the truck as darkness closed in and the moon—the hot platinum moon of the desert Southwest—rose behind the Organ Mountains.

"Full moon tonight," I said. "So that's how it is I've been having a conversation with a horse."

I loaded him and drove back to the stables where Mike Cisneros was already feeding. The roping horses were in their pens, ravenous from their workout and snorting. I turned the gelding in with the mare, and Mike came over and threw them a couple of flakes of hay and a can of alfalfa pellets. The horse was sweated under the saddle, but his half-grown-out coat remained dry over the shoulders and along the flanks.

"You can't take that horse back to Wyoming now," Mike said. "He'd freeze to death."

"So he's been telling me."

"It's beautiful here in the wintertime," Mike went on. "You can rope every day, ride into the mountains and across the river—do anything you like."

"I know," I agreed with him. "It's the perfect climate."

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